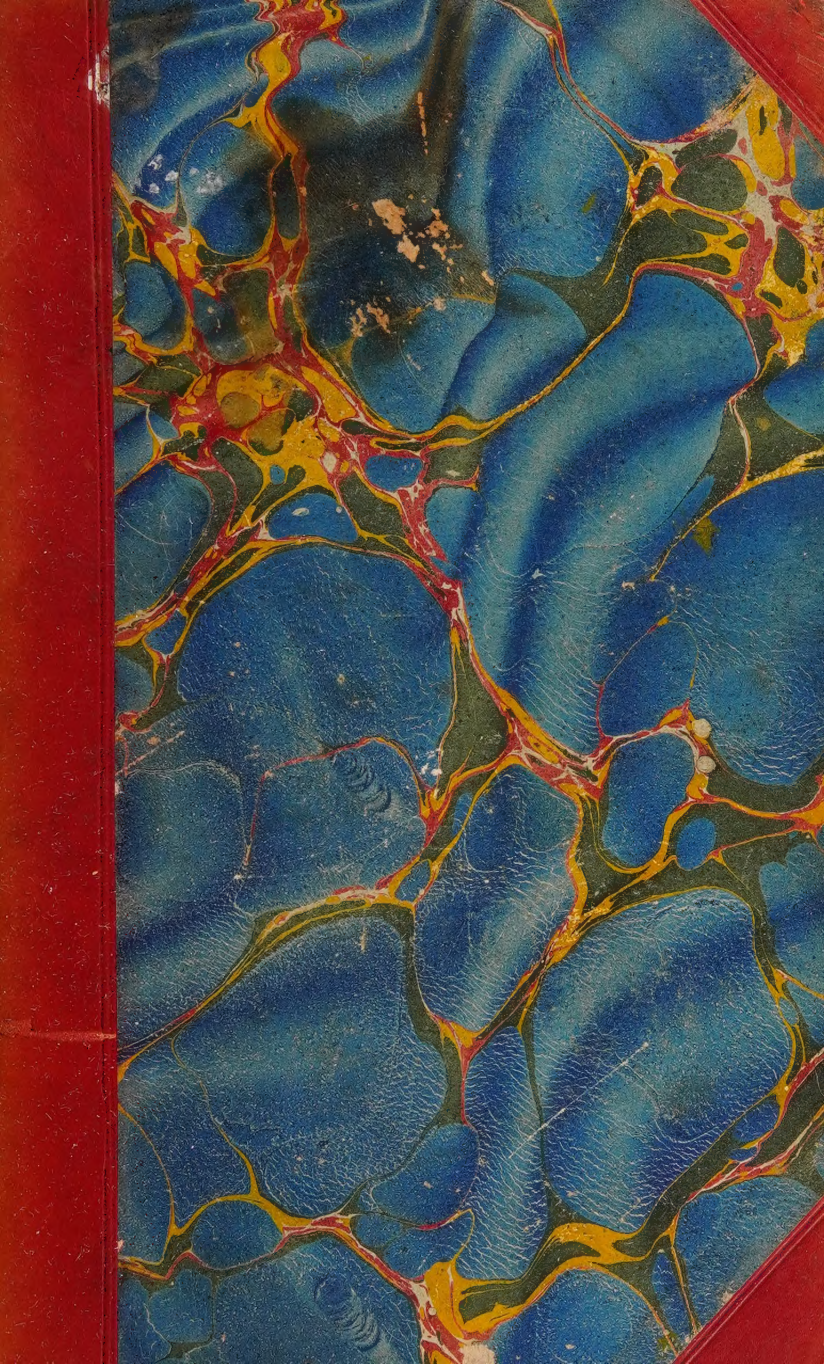

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THE

SMUGGLER;

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TALES BY THE O'HARA FAMILY," "THE DENOUNCED," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE chief scenes of "The Smuggler" are laid in a district of England lately remarkable for peculiar disturbances: the time of its action is anterior to those disturbances;—and—speaking *in* that time—the authors, or their characters for them, may occasionally seem to anticipate events which have since happened. It is therefore necessary to mention that, should such allusions at all appear, they will be found to do so in the First Volume and in the first half of the Second; that these portions of the work were in the Publishers' hands a year ago—that is, prior to the occurrences in question; and that none but verbal corrections or alterations have since been made in the MSS. or in the proofs.

Further;—to endeavour to explain—(among other similar things)—an invocation of two very celebrated political names in almost the first page, the reader is requested to recollect that, when the words were written, few of us were prepared for those recent and vast public changes, of which the least remarkable feature is that they now may seem to render incongruous, as well as old-fashioned, the aspirations of an humble story-teller.

THE SMUGGLER.

I.

TO RICHARD GRAVES, ESQ. TEMPLE.

Hastings, June, 182–.

MY DEAR GRAVES,

It is as I anticipated, even from the vague information, if information I can call it, which I received, or rather gleaned on the subject. They *are* here, on their way to some very retired, if possible, unknown village or hamlet on the coast, where my father may combine the prescribed advantages of sea-air with those of humble living. He had another hope, you know, to save, by his close-drawn system of economy, out of a purse already at its last ebb, as much as would keep his only son one year longer in chambers in the Temple, that so

he might complete his terms, and be "called," I will not add "chosen." But that hope wavers. Dear Graves, I hate your present trade, and mine that was to be, more cordially than ever. My nature, my very interior rises against it; and how can I help this, all abstract reasonings apart? To see a father and a sister, both dearly loved, reduced to penury by the monstrous system of law which it helps to make still more monstrous—cannot I stand excused on such grounds? After long and scrupulous investigation, you have yourself admitted to me the plain justice of the old man's claims; "the great blessing of the British Constitution," a jury, has admitted it—ay, three times over; the defendant did not for a long while encounter us on "merits," until that last trick of a perjured witness and a forged document; and yet, nought availed against the removals of verdicts, the staying of injunctions, the issues, the piecemeal hearings, the useless corrections of unimportant formalities, and oh! the tender, tender conscience which tremblingly reigns over the Court of Chancery, when a poor and honest man tries his right with a rich scoundrel. My father's last available guinea, the last of many thousands, and my father's life, that half of it at least, that

vigorous, muscular half, which can be called life in reality, have passed away in the unmeaning, barbarous contention; and until he can again light on a mine of gold, and again grow young, he must permit his more affluent enemy —robber—to hold the latest technical advantage he has gained—no! bribed his way to—over him, with the pleasing consciousness into the bargain, on the part of the pauper plaintiff, that the means for his destruction have been drawn from his own unjustly-withheld property.

The Woolsack! I was going to call it a great stone round the neck of justice, as, I believe, it has often been unfiguratively called; but I will not—even let it remain what it is, a huge, sweltering mass, flung over the whole frame of the goddess, half smothering her and paralyzing her in every limb. Graves, shall we live to see it unpacked and embowelled, or at least reduced to a rational size? You are less apt to dream than I am, and yet you calmly say, yes, now and then, while I unenergetically stamp my foot and say, No. Reason or necessity, you argue, must reach it some day, and soon, along with a good many other things; but still I answer, so much, so wholly,

in this nation of anomalies, do measures depend on men—I mean on one or two men, whoever they may happen to be for the time—that until some two such as Brougham and Peel coalesce to attack it, the great shame of British jurisprudence must continue pretty nearly what it is. But Brougham and Peel sit on opposite benches. Spirit of sense and philanthropy, and of prudence, inspire their very selves, and doom us not to wait for the eclipsing achievements of any two, or three, or four of their successors!

"A harangue, Mutford," you observe, with your quiet and somewhat (denied by you, dear Dick, in acts as well as words,) supercilious smile. No matter—let it pass; and now I proceed to tell you, minutely, according to agreement, what befell me since you bid me good-by at Charing-cross.

I had scarce descended from the top of the coach here at the inn where it stopped, when I saw my father and sister coming up the street. They had been walking on the parade. He stepped very feebly and leaned on Bessy's arm; and though it was but some months since I had seen him before, he appeared sadly changed for the worse. This observation

thrilled through me. Pitying his feebleness, I refrained from approaching him in the street, but stepped behind the open door of the inn hall, to allow him and my sister to enter, as I thought. They passed the inn, however; I followed them at a distance through meaner streets of the town, and traced them into another inn, of an appearance much more homely than that at which I was about to take up my temporary residence. Again I felt a shock, although I ought to have been prepared for the little event.

After they had entered the house, I walked into a little sanded side-parlour, and writing a line to Bessy, desired the unwashed man who personated a waiter, to give it unperceived into her hands. The goose began to look virtuous and sceptical, and disinclined: "the young lady is my sister," I added, and so beguiled him of his rising hope of half-a-crown.

Bessy soon came down to me; was greatly surprised and delighted, and after some necessary questions and answers, and many persuasions against my project, and in favour of a speedy return to the Temple without approaching my father, which my despotic words and manner overruled, went up stairs to prepare the

invalid for seeing me. At her reappearance, with red eyes and a pale face, I accompanied her into his presence.

Under any possible circumstances—that is, possible between him and me—I am sure my father and I should always meet cordially. We did so on the present occasion. There was, however, a slight degree of bland self-possession in his eyes, words, and manner, after our salutations, which told me what I had to reckon on; indeed, what I had anticipated. It did not much affect me—my mind was made up; my purpose taken,—for good, I hoped; I did not fear that he could, or should, or ought to be very angry with me; and besides, strange and almost idle as the thought was, I liked to contemplate for a moment the perfect air of a gentleman which such a mood never fails to impart to my father: an air somewhat ancient, to be sure, and cut by the present generation; it is, however, true old English of the best polish, and I shall not quarrel with the ingenious youth of my own day if they surpass it, after leaving it behind them.

Knowing his way, as, after many long years of living together, I ought to do—I did not apprehend an immediate "discussion," as he is

used to call it. Dinner, a very frugal, fish one, was served, and I sat down to it, quite as naturally as if we had all been in the old eating-room in Yorkshire. I looked round the table for wine; there was none to be seen. I asked leave to order some. "No, Michael," he said, "not for me; it is an interdicted luxury in my present state of health; but I ought not to forget you, so, ring."

I mentioned my utter carelessness on the matter: and stated—and truly—how long, at a time, I had done without wine from choice, in chambers, in London.

"Well," he said, "*voluntary* temperance is a virtue, at least;" and I could perceive that he suppressed a long-drawn sigh: "but, by the way, Michael," and he paused; and I knew well what was to follow his usual "by the way," when, in fact, there had been no way, or a very narrow one, to the contemplated change of topic.

"Yes, dear father," I answered.

"It was not exactly my intention to have acquainted you with my present journey, for a time at least: pray, how did you come to hear of it?"

I told him how, as I have told you, Graves.

"And you have left London purposely to see Bessy and me, here?"

Certainly so, I replied; though perhaps I had not been altogether forgetful of how available would be the ground I should tread, to the progress and finishing of "my Harold;" and I thought this a good stroke, in time, because it hinted at what I was determined he should more fully know, before our conference ended.

My father shook his head, and observed, "I should have been better pleased, Michael, if you had remembered how available is the other ground which you have left, to your Vesey junior."

"Dear father, no ground can now be any thing to me but that to which I am called by my duty," I resumed. He raised up his large and languid eyes, and fixed them upon me with an overpowering expression.

And — "Your duty, Michael!" he asked, "what do you mean by that?"

"'Tis a pedantic word," I said, "and I recall it; but let me supply another—my heart —if that one is not even more pedantic;" and here, Graves, my strength of countenance fail-

ing me, I was compelled to rest my forehead on one hand, while I extended the other to him. Bessy cried. I knew he looked at her, though I could not see him; ay, and looked at her reprehensively, too: however, he took my hand for a moment, pressed it, and when he spoke again, his voice was not as firm as it had been.

"Tell me, in a few words, what you have really got into your head, Michael."

"I will, father," I answered, assuming an even, though by no means light tone; and while speaking, I caught myself fiddling with a fork. "I have got into my head that, with a pittance scarce able to support you and Bessy here, for a year, you cannot afford, and I ought not to accept, another year's allowance for my chambers and my dinners in the Temple; that, on the contrary, I ought to exert myself to support *myself* at least, if my efforts serve no better end; and that I can make the trial to more advantage,—that is, more economically—by your side, wherever you are, sharing the same roof with you, than I could, living expensively and separately away from you, in London."

"Your impulses are natural, Michael: I

need not flatter you by calling them any thing else," he said, looking towards the fire; "that is not the point, however."

"It is, it is! let me so far interrupt you—" I urged warmly; "it *is* the point. If I act naturally *upon the present occasion*, I do not, cannot act badly; but a contrary mode of action would not be natural, therefore might, would be bad; and *now*, how will you counsel me?"

"Well *pleaded*, for an unfledged barrister," he said, faintly smiling; but his features grew deeply serious as he continued. "Listen to me, Michael, attentively; weigh my reasons; I can only reason with you; you are of the years of manhood, and your own master; perhaps at any time I should not care to play the despot. But listen. By your scheme, you incontestibly give up a good; the attaining a honourable and, with industry, a—we must use the word,—a money-making profession, within a year."

"Yes, father; but one that does not ensure money to a practitioner within the next year, or the next, or the next, no matter how intense may be his industry. Besides, it is not now proposed to abandon it altogether; and you

know I am at liberty to resume my steps towards it, even after pausing and turning aside on the road."

"I grant you the last point, Michael. Perhaps much of that which went before it. There is certainly a chance that for many years the most industrious young barrister may not get into practice; still there is a chance that he may. And here our question narrows itself, and is easily disposed of. Will you stand as good a chance of making money during the year, or the years, which you propose spending away from your law-studies, as you would walking Westminster Hall, with your wig on your head, this day twelvemonths, and afterwards?"

"Unquestionably," said I.

"Prove that," said my father.

"Why, dear father, I have submitted some of the proof already."

"How? when? Your Harold?"

"Yes, my Harold; and attempts of the same kind."

"Ah!" was his only remark, as he drew his chair nearer to the fire.

"But you do not yet know the real chances in my favour," I resumed, now inspired, I

suppose, by a combination of parental as well as of filial feelings; the one towards my dramatic brat, the other for my natural father.

"Well, well; reckon them for me, Michael."

"First, the stage is at present very much in want of a genuine English tragedy."

"Granted," said he, ingenuously.

"Next, good judges give me the greatest encouragement to finish Harold."

"Good judges? Who?"

"Dick Graves, for one."

"Michael, you always think to stop my mouth, blind my eyes, and awe my reason with Dick Graves. But go on. I believe you have touched my heart with him. Go on. I do, however, admit that he may—ought to be one, at least, of your good judges. Though I have never seen him, you have favoured me now and then with portions of his letters at secondhand; and letters hint a good deal of a man. He loves you, I suppose, and he has a cool and a strong judgment, I am sure, to say nothing of a perfected education. Go on."

"To save your objections, possibly, to others whom you do not know, dear father, I will step with you at once into the manager's room, at one of the great theatres."

" And Harold has actually been there ?"

" He has, even in his present dishabille."

" And what did the manager say ?"

" That he had no doubt of being able to accept my tragedy when it should be completed."

" Indeed ?" asked my father musingly.

" And have it acted, Michael ?" demanded Bessy, her large humid black eyes, and her brunette cheeks glowing at the prospect of the literary fame of the family.

" To be sure, my dear," I answered ; " acting a play is only a step of course after it has once been accepted."

" And, Michael," demanded my father, after his dry pause, " what may one expect to gain by a tolerably successful tragedy ?"

" For a really successful one, about five hundred pounds," I replied.

" I did not ask you concerning a really successful one, Michael."

" Well, then, for a tolerably successful one, perhaps half the money."

" And how much time has Harold cost you ?"

" Say, six months, dear father, off and on ; but I could do my best at a tragedy in less time, supposing literature my sole pursuit, for an

interval; bsides writing other things for the periodicals and annuals."

"Where is 'Harold' at present, Michael? Have you brought him to Hastings with you?"

"Here he is," I answered; pulling the manuscript out of my pocket.

"Well taken care of, I see. Will you read me a line or two of him?"

"With pleasure, dear father, my best scene; or, perhaps, as the evening is early, and—"

"No; not a whole scene, Michael: I have not sufficient dramatic skill to judge of the fitness of the tragedy for the stage, in its arrangement; but I think I am competent to form an opinion of its claims to poetry; so read to me a single speech, as much detached from what the people are doing as is possible; meantime, let it please yourself."

Accordingly, somewhat chilled by my father's apathy, I selected in an instant, the speech you have approved, dear Graves:—

"Onward I must! but how, or where, or wherefore,
Is more than mystery: no loves shall hallow
The bitter hardships of a dreary day;
———— and when I wake
To wander in the cold wild blasts of morn,
Glory will bend no radiant smile upon me,

To sun the sleeping darkness of my soul.—
But I must wander still, without a wish
To win me happiness—my goal ungain'd,
Because unknown—the chances yet to come
Unreckon'd, and all future hope shut up,
Like infancy, unchristened, in the grave!"

"Beautiful!" cried Bessy, shedding some tears of sisterly delight, mostly, I believe, because she had been listening to a speech out of a tragedy written by me. My father only nodded his head at the end of each line, as if merely to make sure of the prosody; and some moments elapsed before he asked:—

"And so, Michael, you are determined on your new scheme?"

"I promise you this, dear father," said I, anxious to gain my point rapidly and graciously; "if literature yield me nothing the first year, I will have done with it for ever, and in all things do as you advise and direct me, afterwards. Meantime, do not refuse me the opportunity of taking my chance for fame, and for its results, so necessary, and so immediately necessary to my prospects."

"More so to Bessy's and mine, Michael," he interrupted: "but I understand you, my dear boy. I suppose you must have your way;

though I wish I could have kept our removal from Yorkshire a secret from you till the year was out, Michael. I suspected something of this kind at your hands. Have you given up your chambers?"

"No; but Dick Graves promises me a tenant for them, at a profit rent, in consideration of some articles of furniture."

"Dick Graves over again. And you will be able to put up with much humbler lodgings somewhere or other—I do not know where yet—but in great retirement—will you, Michael? with Bessy and me?"

He looked at me, his eyes moist, and I could only stammer out some very unintelligible words, half of remonstrance for his question, half of agreeance.

"Then come with us, in God's name, Michael," he added; now taking my hand of his own accord, as he passed an arm round Bessy. And so, dear Graves, my first point is won, though you thought it would not be, and I bid you adieu, in a hurry, for the present.

MICHAEL MUTFORD.

II.

TO MICHAEL MUTFORD, ESQ., HASTINGS.

MY DEAR MUTFORD,

In the disengaged half hour before the breakfast-cloth is taken away, I write a hasty answer to your last. I am pleased to hear that you have carried your first point, under all the circumstances. It would be irrational to argue, that where the necessity was so strong, you were not called upon to make the sacrifice. You know well I am no advocate for a blind self-devotion or abasement of the child to the father. The slavish homage that some parents exact from their offspring is treason against the law of nature: yet I am not sure that the selfish indifference of some children, too, to the immediate causers, of their being, the anxious fosterers of their infantine weakness and childish wants, is not quite as much against that law. True, as I have often conceded to "independent" youths of my acquaintance, we owe our fathers no thanks merely for our existence: no, nor for bringing us up, giving us meat, drink, clothing, a fire to warm us in winter, a bed to sleep on; the stipendiary sovereign of Bow-

street or of Marlborough-street, would have compelled our parents to have so far obliged us. He could not, however, have forced them to have done more: but *have* they not done more? And for that more are we not bound, in the name of nature—of our own nature—of man's nature—of common generosity, to hold ourselves prepared to make an acknowledgment some time or other?

This is one of the very coldest ways of putting the question. But even so coldly and so cautiously I have been constrained to shape it, while arguing with what I regret to call a prevalent doctrine of the lately risen and the rising generation, else I should not, or would not have been understood. Meagre as are the premises, however, they fully warrant me, dear Mutford, in sanctioning, as a friend, your temporary abandonment of good prospects for the sake of trying to cheer, and perhaps better your father's present situation: the necessity, I must repeat, is strong. At the same time allow me to say, that I still think you had an alternative in a sincere proffer of friendly assistance: nor can I understand your rooted objection to allow a friend to show he is one, in certainly the least important manifestation of a pure and high

feeling. My father happens not to have been plundered of his property by a scoundrel. I happen myself to have the start of you upon the road of professional practice: from these two reasons I am, with my few wants and fully occupied time, superfluously rich; and why, therefore, could not I, as well as you, or any one for you, arrange about your chambers, and your other little matters, for a year or so? But I write these plain words of common sense in vain: at least, I fear I do. Our repeated and futile conversations on the subject give me few present hopes. If, however, you should fortunately feel yourself at last more open to conviction—I will say, to the clear-sightedness of manly friendship—come back to town, and secure your father's and your sister's comforts, and your own professional peace, within a few months.

I forgive your exaggerated declamation against us, poor barristers. You have cause to rail at one of our courts, at least; and, by association, at ourselves. But, only by association. We had no hand in framing the constitution of any court in which we practice. As to the rest—our helping to make the monster "more monstrous," *that* we need not do. Not

one of us. Neither he who has been called, nor he who is to be. If some among us do so, others of us cannot help them. But we can do better. We can resolve, and practically arrange not to imitate them. Nay, we can do better and better still. We can contrive, upon all fitting occasions—we, the initiated familiars of the monster, the keepers of the beast—to interpose between him and his humour on the gaping crowd who will pay their pence to come and see the show.

Are you not answered? Own that you are. And so, no more angry abuse of your future trade. For, a barrister you must be, Mutford. You have many of the chief qualifications for success as one; and for such a one as will leave your death-bed conscience free of the sins you suppose us all compelled to: ay, and for such a one as—(you surly and not-to-be complimented person)—will aid to rescue us from that very charge. To be sure, you are (at present) much of an enthusiast, and too much (notwithstanding "Harold," to whom all the success he really merits) of a rhimester; furthermore, I have now and then thought there was about you or in you, of late, a something or other which———. Excuse the sudden break. The

last favoured client of my father's introduction, Lord P——, (for whom, because he is a friend, I am supposed to be able to think clearer, and advise better than I could do for a stranger!) has come in, with some new light on his very blank case, and he waits till I shall have finished this, to uncloud himself, and shower radiance upon obscurity. So, farewell, after I complete the interrupted sentence. "About you, or in you, something or other which,"—"which"—and here I stop again of my own accord. In short, Mutford, do, in your next, what I often asked you to do for me. Sit down before a good mirror—*your past*—and sketch a front face of yourself. Let the costume and accompaniments be *your present*. I do not want to know you: otherwise could we have got up between us a good copy of David and Jonathan, or any two such names, divine or profane; or, recollecting Macpherson, gothic? no; I do not want to know you; but I *do* want to know if I do.—"Now, Lord P——."

RICHARD GRAVES.

On the reverse, suppose an outline, in profile, *your future*—truly, thoughtfully, from the heart, as you see, or think you see it; and, my

dear Mutford, as you feel I have a right, yea, a right, to contemplate it along with you? Candidly, Michael, what is your master passion? your ungrasped idol of worship? Love, worldly success, (in place or fame,) or fortune? Do, I pray you, begin the sketches. R. G.

III.

TO RICHARD GRAVES, ESQ.

FUDGE, dear Dick! who is sentimental now, and mouthy, and fanciful, and solemnly nonsensical? Who talks tropes and long sentences, now? What have you been dreaming of, about me? Yes, I suppose you have noticed something exceedingly mysterious whenever I had my periodical fit of tooth-ache, or upon some such memorable occasion. But, man, I am no model for a reserved and moody hero; I, as well as you, live in too old a world for that. My past, my present, and my future! why, in common sense's name, what does any youth of three-and-twenty live for, but to laugh at his past, enjoy and make the best of his present, and always dream of being rich, if nothing else, in his future? Dick, you have hitherto been fining me, sixpence at a time, for my

absurdity; pay *your* fine of nine-pence for this letter, on account of your own.

MICHAEL MUTFORD.

IV.

TO MICHAEL MUTFORD, ESQ.

I AM going to be more absurd, Michael, if such is your word; or more sentimental, or mouthy, or long-sentenced. I ask you on the faith and value of our friendship for each other, on your regard for truth, and in the name of your father, your sister, and your God, to answer my last letter seriously.

RICHARD GRAVES.

V.

TO RICHARD GRAVES, ESQ.

GRAVES, you have terrribly shaken me; even my body trembles along with my spirit, and 'tis literally true that I cannot firmly guide the pen with which I write to you. Yet I snatch it up; — in what impulse? — a mixed one, I believe, — a great yearning to answer the call of your great friendship mingles with the natural thirst for unloading a "stuffed bosom."

At any rate you *shall* be answered. You, the only second human being, and now the only *one*—always excepting my father and my sister —who have loved me, and let me love. And have I dealt ungenerously with you by hiding hitherto the story I am about to tell? No, I hope not. My character I never hid, never vamped up, never imposed upon you. My sorrows only I did; by and by you may say my crimes also, and so stand upon a ground for reproach. But we shall see whether I have not been more sinned against than sinning. God sees and judges the question already.

Yes, Graves, I sit down to my mirror. In it I see a youth of twenty, (I am not yet twenty-three,) his features open and spirited, though scarce comely; hope and truth in his eye, smiles on his lips; slight and short in stature, but upright, agile-limbed, and every muscle stamped with the power of bounding motion. Not yet, oh, not yet have his lids drooped, and his mouth curved downward, and his cheeks flattened and faded almost into ugliness; not yet have his shoulders stooped, nor yet has his chest rounded, not yet have his limbs looked listless. Let a brief narrative enable you to trace the change that has come over him.

You know that when home in Yorkshire from college to see my father, I was a professed walker. You know that I often broke the bounds even of our great county, and rambled over Northumberland, sometimes using the pencil, sometimes the pen. There, at twenty, in a mountain-hut, I saw the being foredoomed to be my fate—my life's atmosphere, climate, if not the meter-out of the limit, the very act of life itself. She was very young. Often and often I visited her, till passion became downright infatuation. You smile, Graves, in your quiet, equal way, at the notion of having so quickly learned the common-place cause of my—my whatever it is which you say you have noticed in me. I fell in love, you predicate, at twenty, with a little hill-goddess, and my father would not hear of the matter, and so I am pursued, or I am pleased to fancy myself pursued, by a gentle melancholy. Not quite thus, however, dear Graves; not quite thus. She is dead. Dead, and gone from me in her first youth; while my bones, my very bones thrill to the thought of hers rotting in her grave; while my heart swells with love to the foul earth that once was her heart. That is something not so common-place. Dead! Dead, more than two

years. Next—not in her grave alone. A drop of my blood, frozen before its time—frozen, indeed, almost ere it flowed,—a crumble of the clod which makes my mortal identity, helped to fill that grave with her. I saw them, coarse and vulgar, and office-hardened, and tyrant savages, as they were—I saw them lay the little creature on her bosom, and fold her arms over it, before both were hurried from my sight for ever. Hurried I do not know whither. They have left me without a guide or clue to the spot in which they flung her and it. Perhaps they had their own reasons for their brutal silence. Perhaps, at a nod and a bribe from some agent of some studious man, mother earth has been rifled of her children. But I wander and tire you. To complete this long sentence. Dead —how dead? Graves, that, *that* question involves the least common-place, though, I fear, not the least every-day, answer of all. You do not understand my distinction between the two words common-place and every-day. I will explain to you as well as I can.

I need not say that she—(*she*—the pronoun is enough,—let her name share her grave, her nameless grave, ay, and the mysterious sleep of the nameless little infant, there massed with

her dust long ago)—I need not say that her lot in life was humble, very humble; but her natural capacity, her organization of mind was of a high order, and I resolved within myself to educate her, and when she should have become intelligent and a woman (for as yet I could scarce call her more than child), I hoped to win my father's consent to our union. No, Graves, as I am a man, as I hope to see her again and confront her with a brow of truth, never for one instant did I indulge a bad and cowardly thought towards that unhappy young creature — never. But, on the contrary, I formed my plan of becoming her tutor, and acted upon it with a glowing, a smiling pureness and joy of heart which was worthy of a man; ay, and my delicious task proceeded as if under a blessing, and a year passed over us, and my lips had scarce disturbed the first bloom on hers. Then, one mad, one accursed instant, unforeseen, undreamt of, nay, unplanned the instant before, and I destroyed her.

That my crime would be followed by its own evidence I could not know for many months. Having fled from her in wild remorse, a term at college and a sojourn with my father, kept us some time separated. When I saw her

again, her appearance was horror to my eyes; but I resolved to stay by her side till she should be a mother. My father might conjecture what he liked about my absence; ay, and feel what he liked, deeply as I loved him—this I resolved. Oh! that I had now, now at least, made him my confidant!

Let me be brief, very brief, as I promised you I would be. I had been long expected in the Northumberland cottage by more than one or two persons. At the first symptoms of her shame, the majesty of parish law aroused itself against her; its administrators called on her to divulge the name of the father of her coming child, and, more in simplicity than any other feeling, she gave that by which I had announced myself the first evening I crossed her father's threshold, and had since borne in the neighbourhood—I need not add that it was not my real name. Well, I came again to see her, and to my consternation,—for I had not considered the subject,—I was scarce seated at her side when I received a summons to appear before a magistrate the next morning. My blood shrank from a public investigation: I trembled at the thought of its reaching the ears of my sick and impoverished and honoured

father. I hurried out into the fields to think, and if possible, arrange a compromise with the offended guardians of population. There was enough money in my pocket to appease their utmost wrath—(you know there was, Graves, for, though now you kindly upbraid me with not calling on you, it was of you I borrowed it)—I resolved to walk down to the neighbouring village and see what I could do amongst them.

I took a very lonely path—the night fell upon me—I was attacked by three strange men, knocked down, cruelly beaten, and robbed of every shilling I possessed. These fellows were doubtless members of a gang of petty thieves, who infested the town of —— and its vicinity; and so my treaty with the parish rulers was at an end, and I crawled back to the cottage, scarce able to crawl, and wholly despairing at heart.

I was too ill to obey the summons next morning; in fact, I slept, after a sleepless and painful night, at the hour prescribed for my attendance on the awful magistrate. Men came to seek me, and shook me rudely, where I lay undressed upon a straw pallet, *she* watching and crying over me. I told them my situation, and

prayed them to let me rest till I could receive money in a letter to replace that which I had lost. They scouted my proposal, swearing out their disbelief of the story of my having been robbed, calling me an impostor and no better than a rogue myself, and commanding me to get up and go with them; doubtless, my very humble pedestrian dress of fustian, and my bruised features and the soil on my person, caught from the damp earth where the thieves had flung me down, gained me few good opinions in the minds of my visitors.

Their base insults ought not to have affected me; but in my weak and feverish state they did, and I resented them in intemperate language. Little mercy was now shown to me; in few moments I was dragged from my straw to the magistrate, raving and struggling, with her shrieks in my ears. Placed before the temporary arbiter of my fate, my indignation and my fever remained unabated, and I continued to play the fool. He was, perhaps, a person of some feeling, and under his own roof might have shown me some—that is, in any room of his house excepting only his magisterial audience room. But when I refused to answer upon oath to the name I bore in Northumberland;

in fact, refused to give any name, I found at his hands as little charity as I had found at those of his meanest creatures; perhaps my personal appearance again added to the unfavourable impressions against me, as much as did my candid and vehement admissions of being for the time pennyless. It is quite true, Graves, that in less than half an hour, I found myself in the parish workhouse, doomed to be a prisoner until I could satisfy the authorities, in a specified sum, for the—the lying-in of my victim, and the future maintenance of her child.

The window of my prison-chamber overlooked the entrance into the house of misery. In about half an hour after I was left alone, I heard shrieks and groans without, and saw *her* borne towards the door by the same man who had dragged me before the magistrate. She entered under one roof with me, and her moans and cries became more audible. I grew frantic; I thumped at the door of the small apartment, stamped on the floor, and roared for some one to come to me. In his own good time my jailor appeared: to my rapid and furious questions he sneeringly answered, that "the young woman, though her labour was beforehand,

would soon make me a father;" and he withdrew, heedless of my entreaties, now offered in a feeble voice and with streaming eyes, to be admitted to see her, or allowed to stand at the door of her chamber and speak to her. Her cries subsided after I had listened to them for hours; or I could catch but the weakest moanings of exhaustion. Many people hurried through the house, and a little one-horse chaise stopped at the entrance door, and I knew it was the apothecary-surgeon I saw step out of it. In a few minutes she began to scream again, and at last I heard one great shriek, and then the stillness of the night in which I was at that moment sitting, closed around me.

I will not trouble you with my feelings, drawn from my forebodings, while I was still left in that wretched room alone, and unnoticed, although a prisoner. It might be about ten o'clock at night when I was again visited. And then I was made certain; and at last, yielding to the supplications, and to the rage, by turns, of almost madness, they allowed me to pass into her chamber.

An old woman accompanied me to the door; there gave me a rush-light, for, previously, the apartment had been in utter darkness, and left

me to enter alone. I shut the creaking door gently, as if I could have disturbed any one, raised the meagre light above my head, and looked around. I saw a bed, decently disposed, but nothing else, till I stole on tiptoe to its side, and then I saw the two corpses. Again there is no use in alluding to what I suffered. I will tell you, Graves, only some peculiar portions of my solitary reflections that night, sitting by that bed.

The still-born infant, my infant, and mine at twenty years of age, lay on my knees, while one of its mother's hands was clasped in one of its father's. I had drawn a deal table close to me, and put the rush-light upon it, so that all the rays the wretched taper could lend, fell upon the baby's face. Hours had passed. I had no more tears to shed; or, more truly, they could not come; the heavy pain of unexhausted anguish stuck in my breast and throat: and thus I gazed and gazed upon my child, until—it was a strange and some may think an unfeeling fancy—until—at last expressing a long though fitful reverie — I demanded of myself —why should I mourn for this little creature? Let me mourn for the dead alone,—its mother, here at my side,—but not for it, the unborn,

ay, unborn, although delivered of the womb—the unbreathed, the little spirit which has never been of this world, and hardly ever abstracted from a higher one. And then, Graves, I felt deep awe fall upon me, arresting for a time even my anguish,—deep awe, wonder, uncertainty, mystery. No, it was not death, though so like it. Death comes when life goes; life lived in this life. But the beauteous little out-turned lips I looked on, had never moved or fluttered with an earthly breath: the little silken eyelids had never been upraised to admit a ray of our sun's light; the little unseen, unknown eyes they curtained, had never beheld an earthly object—the little ears heard an earthly sound—the little limbs felt an earthly touch. I held not, upon my knees, the mortal relics of a human being. And what held I, then? The machine prepared for the reception and impulses, and powers of that being; or, half-prepared, and now re-ordained never, in this life at least, never to be used, never acted upon. Or, in my passing view, did I gaze on any thing more real, with regard to breathing existence, than might be a sculptor's marble copy of those limbs and features? YES! and I trembled. YES! for that *would* be a copy.

And a copy of *what master hand!* and *marble* —and here on my knee was *another material!* And I should not think of surface merely, but of the wondrous structure, through its length and depth, through and through, of that material! I felt my breath come short. The nerves and blood now thrilled along my head at the thought of touching, fresh from God's formation, a receptacle, an habitation for mortal life, which had not yet, and never could be, endowed with that life. To nurse the *corpse* of my infant, my *dead* infant, would not have been strange, however agonizing,—strange to me as a man, a living man; but to nurse this little— WHAT? Oh, again and again I said to myself, "Yes, there, upon the face, so still, so unused, and yet so wise and powerful"—(Graves, sageness and power *were* awfully conveyed by the baby's features)—"there is the expression of flesh and blood, and bone and muscle, prepared for the action upon them of a spirit of good and greatness, but of flesh and blood, and bone and muscle, which yet have not received that action!"

Make some excuses, dear Graves, as well for this ramble itself, as for its extravagances, incoherences, and inconsequential assumptions,

and attribute all its errors rather to my shaken and, perhaps, raving frame of mind at the moment, than to the slightest wish, then or now, of disturbing a single dogma, and many axioms, revealed and scientific. To continue; or, I should say, conclude.

And yet, how little more have I to add. The village carpenter, rudely pushing into the room with a deal coffin on his shoulders, aroused me, about midnight, from my reveries, such as they were. But before the man flung open the door, my rushlight had burnt out; long before, I think; although still I sat by the bed, her hand in mine, and her infant on my lap. Finding himself in darkness, with the lifeless bodies, and perhaps hearing me stir, or breathe, or groan, he cast aside his load, and stumbled down stairs. Presently he returned with three or four others, men and women, and it was then I saw them lay the baby on its mother's bosom, and fold her arms round it. After that I just had enough presence of mind and strength left, to write a line to you, dear Graves, requesting another loan of money, in my travelling name, and then they did what they liked with me, too.

I was told that many days had elapsed when I next had sense to address them. Many more

were required to restore me to health, or rather to the power of moving. Your answer reached me in good time. I paid the sums they demanded of me, was free, and wandered home to my father and sister. My long absence, and my wretched appearance gave both good grounds for anxious inquiries. I truly stated that a fever had overtaken me in Northumberland; but more they did not learn, more they do not at present know.

Well, Graves, what has this made me? you have seen what, so far as regards my intercourse with the world and my friends; therefore I need not answer: but I suppose your "something or other," is now explained. But within? Desolate, Graves, desolate and fear-stricken; and yet evil and savage, too. How am I to make you understand? I apprehend 'tis not in my power to do so; but I will give you one abiding thought, or sensation of my bosom, apart from its mere griefs. I never lay down my head to sleep at night, I never awake in the morning, without being conscious of a stifled but dense rage against man. Unceasingly I whisper when I am alone, "neither she nor I had mercy at their hands!" And then this prepossession takes many shapes, at different times,

some of them doubtless (though I had rather say perhaps) unjust and visionary. For example, I occasionally feel the dislike of the poor man against the rich, so common as I have assured you, throughout England at present, although indulged by persons more absolutely inferior in society than I am. I believe that that one occurrence of tyranny towards me in Northumberland, where I was a stranger and pennyless, inspires, and ever must inspire the morbid feeling. Alas, Graves, a source of humiliation and degradation which I can never vent in revenge—pardon me the word, in self-assertion—has its influence upon me. And could the fretting and irritation of my previous life, on account of the disappointments and wrongs of my father, I may add, myself, have prepared me for being so affected by the outrage? Another impression has been indirectly made, which I cannot help permitting to sink deep. You know it, from our conversations together, and you have seen it in the form of a mere reasoning theory, though now I fear you will suspect it of personal prejudice; you may be wrong, however. It is not because a man's observation of public injustice is first aroused by his individual experience of it, that he is unfitted to become its

denouncer on broad general grounds. Therefore, even with the knowledge you now have of me, I again tell you that I consider our present state of parish laws a curse to our country, and before *you* again appear as their advocate, you must live more out of London. And it is not merely to the instance of their administration which affects myself, but to their whole influence and working that I now address my denouncement. I will not "utterly overpower you" by renewing here my doubts of the wisdom, the justice, or the mercy of other laws made by the rich against the poor; but I must say that I would not arm a gang of ruffian game-preservers against a gang of hungry or needy, or even ruffian (for the word involves its own argument) poachers, for all the pheasants that ever flew, and all the hares that ever ran;* no, nor arm a cutter, nor a crew of men-of-war's men against a smuggling lugger for the purpose of paying annually (if it were possible by such means) the whole thirty-something millions of interest of the national debt. And now, Graves, do not accuse me of a mistake; the

* For none of the peculiarly-constituted opinions of Mutford do his faithful editors deem themselves accountable.

revenue laws are not levelled against the poor exclusively: I know that very well; and yet, I denounce them too, as deeply pernicious to the morals and the happiness of England.

But I *am* to be a barrister? of course all laws here spoken of, apart, when I put the question. We shall see, dear Graves. I must be any thing for money—any thing, at least, which will not lose me your friendship: and here comes in the last sketch you asked for—my future. But no, I cannot catch a feature. Every trait is so vague and visionary, that the very recollection (if nothing else) of my old objection to painters trying to *define* the *indefinable*, (ghost, dreams, and all ideal creatures for instance,) incapacitates me; or, Graves, the object is so fearful, as well as so shapeless, that my hand trembles too much for a single touch.

"My master-passion?" Graves, I do believe I have none. "Love?" That is answered. Till I cease to dream every night of *her* and of her baby, as I saw them, and as I have faintly imaged them to you, the answer must hold good. "Place, fame, fortune?" No. I have said, indeed, that I wish (to use my poor father's words) to make money. But I wish it not for itself, or for *my*self. "Fame?" As

money's hand-maid. No chord in my breast throbs to the thought of newspaper paragraphs, and invitations to the tables or the evening parties of collectors of rare beasts. "Place?" Graves, a chord now *does* answer! But it *has* been a broken chord, *is* but newly knotted together, and it answers in a jar! yes, Graves, "Place!" For whom? again, not for myself; or if so, not that I may smile in it, and be happy, and at rest. No, Graves! but that from it, I may . . . . . .

Folly, folly.

We leave this town to-morrow, and I am glad of it. My walks out by the sea with my father and Bessy, or alone, do me no good. The brilliant crowd that begin to gather in so fashionable a "watering-place," seem to me to look hard, and unfeelingly, and insolently, upon us as we pass them, upon our humbled brows and air, and—poor attire. "Worse and worse," you exclaim,—"morbid to absurdity." Well, well, I can at least make you believe that you are valued and loved by

Your affectionate friend,

MICHAEL MUTFORD.

Lest my father's uncertain health should delay our intended journey, direct your next,

if you write soon, to the post-office here. I will give them instructions to forward it, in case of need.

VI.

TO MICHAEL MUTFORD, ESQ.

YOUR hand, my dear fellow, and let me shake it cordially, (or as cordially as we Britons are said to do,) and thank you for your confidence. I am now sure that I can make a friend.

You have suffered, indeed, dear Mutford, terribly, pitiably, for your years; but I will avoid this topic at present, if not for ever. I cannot hope to say any thing to soothe you upon a recollection so poignant; you do not expect that I can or ought. Once more, thank you heartily, that 's all.

But I may venture to assure you that time will bring you great if not primitive peace of heart and clearness of mind, much as the one continues to be wrung, and the other,—excuse me,—clouded. If I was not convinced of this I should indeed mourn for you, and deeply, as for one—I mean as for an esteemed friend—half-lost to me for ever. For, indeed, Mutford, you

do give way at present to impressions sufficient to destroy you. Morbid,—ay, morbid,—and you see it yourself; your own nature feels and resists already the ungenerous pressure which would bear it down. I am very glad you did not finish that sentence about "place." Not that I do not finish it for you; not that I am not able to comprehend the loose though angry and dark views in which your temporary affliction would tempt you to aspire to power. But, once again, dear Michael, believe me, you will change. I long to see you grasp your thunder-bolts, only that I may admire how peacefully you will allow them to repose at your feet. We have not all wronged you, nor warped laws already enough warped, nor abused a little day of local power to tyrannize over you and crush you. And even for our sakes, who have not done these things, you will forgive the few who have. Nay, Michael, you will forgive in spite of you. You are constructed more for loving than for hating; mind, I do not mean to say you *hate*—that is, at present; though I *do* mean, that if you *could* cherish (which you cannot) your prepossessions for some years more, ay, and in the softening and warming sunshine of success, then you *would* hate.

As to my feelings at learning from yourself this hidden, ay, "master-passion," though you deny it, they were very distressing, Mutford, at first; more distressing, if possible, than the melancholy events which caused it. I shut my eyes over your letter, and shuddered, not at you, but for you. But that passed away when I thought of you—of your mind and heart; and my next transition was to surprise that such a heap of bitterness could have so long lain covered from my eye by your alternate good-humour and pleasantry; I admit, indeed, that the latter partook of caustic, still it was what I call it. And my surprise heightened when I assured myself that this had happened without an effort on your part to make a show of fallacious characteristics to your friend. You are a new leaf to me in my puzzle-book of human nature, Michael.

One part of your letter I like, or at any rate, a part of the part. Whether or no you are quite right regarding the state of the laws you speak of, your view interests me, as it must every body; and as you are going to live in the country again, ay, and at the coast too, it is evident that you must be well situated for acquiring the best argument on the subject, one

way or another—experience. And now do me a kindness. A journal, a regular journal is a very old-fashioned thing, yet if you would write something of the kind for me, during your residence out of London, and send it in parts up to town, each part in the shape of a parcel by the stage, I would feel gratified. Very far am I from wishing to rob "Harold" of a single half hour; but I suspect you will have a little time every day to spare from him. In this manner we can be almost together still; and I own that I expect improvement and amusement from your sketches, almost to an extent equal to the pleasure it must give me to hear constantly from you and about you. You will use your eyes, I know; make as many road-side and cottage friends as you can; oversee the overseer, watch the beadle, and—difficult as is the task—tithe the parson for me: and I can tell you, without much flattery, that you have a knack of making others comprehend what you see or hear, whether you use the tongue or the pen. Of course I may depend on having one or two of your clients, the poachers: and, if it is possible, capture me a real smuggler; none of your timid land-receivers, but a fine romantic vagabond of the waters, who absolutely chops about

the Channel in his own lugger, and runs in his goods of a dark night upon a perilous coast, in defiance of revenue-cutters and men-of-war's men. In short, a primitive law-breaker and rover, with all the impress of adventure and character upon him.

Very seriously, your repeated harangues on parish laws, and other laws, together with my own growing experience at second hand, (through the medium of trials on circuit, I mean,) of their true operation upon the mind, and, as you say, the happiness of the country, make me anxious to grow wiser in your favourite branch of knowledge: and so, Mutford, the journal—the journal—and adieu!—

But no—my eye catches the last sentence of your letter, and I will not conclude without asking you, in the name of common sense, good feeling, and your own frame and order of mind, how can you write such mighty absurdity? What! good folks, who lounge or ride at the sea's edge, in Hastings—Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Cheese, from the city, most likely, or, at best, some sapless off-branches of title — echos of aristocracy — they cast expressive looks upon Michael Mutford! My dear Michael, I have heard you say, in poetical mood, that a muddy

stream reflects, in its own way, the freshest green grass, and the brightest coloured flower upon its banks. You *will* want confidence in yourself, and then you go on to endow every one else with your own doubt of you—every one else, good simple soul, being as innocent of the malignity you attribute, as you are of the slightest real cause for the want of nerve you hint about. My dear Mutford, I will not, cannot give you quarter the next time you sport with me in such a manner. At present I am severe—I know I am; but am I not, too,

RICHARD GRAVES?

VII.

TO RICHARD GRAVES, ESQ., HASTINGS.

DEAR GRAVES,

As I had half foreboded, my father felt disinclined for his journey the day before yesterday; but (and as your last reaches me,) we are this moment about to leave Hastings. I will keep the journal for you with pleasure, and it shall contain every thing I see or hear of, worth communicating, together with my own thoughts on passing events; or, at least, as many or as much of them as, from experience,

I can be very sure will be quite pleasing to you.

I have walked to Battle Abbey, Pevensey Castle, and over every other spot desirable for "Harold's" sake. Farewell! Bessy calls me to lead my father down stairs. Ever yours faithfully,

MICHAEL MUTFORD.

Direct still to the Hastings' Post-Office.

VIII.

TO MICHAEL MUTFORD, ESQ.

No, my dear Mutford, this must not be between us. I ask your pardon, at once, for any and every word that may have hurt you. I will implore you, if you make it necessary, to forgive me — fully, unreservedly, obliviously forgive me, so that our wide-open-hearted confidence in each other may stand as it did before my last letter. And then you must write to me for *your* last, and after having drawn your pen through a certain sentence of it, and added a postscript three times as long as itself, let me have it again. The words I mean, I have underlined, though I am sure you would have detected them without any such emphatic mark-

ing: for I know you will think of me on the road, although you have begun your journey in some anger with your friend. Once more forgive me. I, the unscarred, and the more fortunate, though the least deserving—I ought to have had more respect for *any* evidence of the sorrows you have long suffered. R. G.

IX.

TO RICHARD GRAVES, ESQ.

(POSTSCRIPT TO MY LAST.)

FORGIVE *you*, dear Dick, the nonsensical pettishness, I have written above,—(meaning my last short epistle, which I enclose, the sinning words expunged as you wish.*) I am,—to be sure I am,—now and then, a poor maudlin fellow, but the disease *must* be routed out of me; ay, and by myself too. And I will neither take up the scourge against it, nor reason with it; I will point my finger at it, laugh at it, and run away from it. 'Tis not worth scorn, or trampling under my foot, or it should have plenty of both. So, come and join me in my laugh, and forget.

* These appear to have been,—"Or, at least, as many or as much of them as from experience I can be ver sure will be quite pleasing to you."

And yet, Graves, I would not for a good portion of this fair world think so poorly of myself a second time, as your manly and generous treatment of me has caused me to think on the present, or rather, the past occasion. How very, very little you have made me! — excuse me,— how very, very little I have made myself. Ay, and there 's the very rub, Graves. I have *not* —for the last few years — I have *not* a confidence in myself, such as I see others have in themselves. I *cannot* impress others as they impress me. Every day—the slightest occurrences of every day—bring me proofs of this fact. I *know* I am not valued by men as I value them; that is, as I respect, or rather, fear them. I wish I could be hated! that would restore me to my own good opinion. But this, you will say,—and perhaps truly,—is only the old thing over again. Let us cut it, then, for ever; or until I require, undesignedly and unhappily, your forbearance and your teachings once more, and then do not spare me. And yet, before we quite pass to another subject, I *will* say, that hitherto,—I mean lately,— you cannot have guessed how that wretched, hypochondriac doubt of my own place among my fellows has been rusting over my heart, and

eating into it. And I remember none of it in the constitution of my boyhood. I was a bold, sturdy, boxing boy, and thought no one better than Michael Mutford, except his father. Graves, it fell upon me in Northumberland. I *have* been crushed, dear Dick; and though the world knows it not, and must never know it, I seem to read in all their eyes that they do; their cold, reserved, watchful, estranged eyes. You ask me to give you an instance of the way in which I think I fail to impress myself. Graves, in ten thousand ways, in almost every way; and, I repeat, at almost every moment, and with every one I meet; my equals, my inferiors, 'tis all the same. Shame and wretchedness to avow it! I am convinced that the man who sat by my side down from Hastings, almost the very last individual I have held passing intercourse with, bears himself up better than I do, is more an object, a figure in the world. Such is my horrible character or delusion. But you require some instance that you can recognise; that has passed under your own eye. You have noticed the unevenness of my general manner; you have hinted your knowledge of it to me—so you do; at one time,—indeed, at most times,—inclined to be pleasant

and good-humoured, then suddenly cast down and silent. I speak of myself when in your presence with others; alone with you, I believe I am usually what is called a good-humoured companion. Well; there has not been a single change in me, from open-hearted to reserved and silent, observed by you, for which I had not a specific cause, or have not thought I had. I will take the very last evening I spent with you. Your supper-table was surrounded by rich men, all except me. I did not care for them at first, and we chatted and laughed pleasantly some time. One of my favourite theories started up; you engaged me on it; we argued vigorously; while I was haranguing my last harangue, I caught young M—— raising his eyebrows at a friend across the table. I was dumb for the night; you wondered why; now you know why. You know it, and you smile a piteous though a most friendly and affectionate smile over my accursed weakness. Yet I tell you the truth. And these are the things, dear Graves, that turn in upon me, and rankle, and rankle: and I must give you to understand that never does one of them so fix its contemptible spider-fang in my mind but it calls up the one agonizing recollection of past suffering, and in-

sult, and degrading wrong; and so, for ever and ever, I fear and doubt.

But now, in good earnest, farewell for ever to this most hideous topic. I owed the present confidence (such as it is!) to your last good, kind, tear-starting letter; yes, dear friend, it softened, and, I nope, bettered me. I do not mean, however, to persecute you in this way any more. And if you shall feel assured that these confessions call for your observation, I pray you spare it,—now, at least,—now and for a long while. Let me try to take myself in hand, unassisted, for a season. I write this from the place where my father thinks it likely we shall fix our temporary abode, though I differ from him. Do not answer me till I send you another letter replying to certain passages of one of yours about poachers and smugglers. Meantime, believe me the very same I have been to you,

M. M.

X.

TO RICHARD GRAVES, ESQ.

Such a bold smuggler, my dear Graves, as you seem to hope for, I cannot promise to catch for you. A beautiful ideal has got into

your head, unconsciously made up of the Corsair and his kind, if not by Harriett Lee's magnificent young tiger, the model, perhaps—(nay, *I* am sure,)—for Byron's whole family of heroes. England is too old for a single character of the description you want. It is only on thinly-populated coasts and among fresh people, that he can be found. Our island is too well stocked for him; and ages of the experience of strong feelings have worn out, ages ago, the very elements of his nature, even amongst the lower orders. Not a man in England at present could so much as gesticulate like him. Nay, not a lugger's crew on the coast would work a cargo under his command; they would think him an ass, and put their tongues in their cheeks at him, particularly if it were hinted that he brought to his trade a single motive more romantic than that of gain.

No; you must be content with a man, whenever and wherever I may meet him for you, as like other men as is possible, or, at least, like all others who share his social rank, and brave perils every day for existence and profit; a courageous and skilful mackarel-fisher, for instance. There shall be "no sneering devil in his look," no melodramatic frown upon his brow, nothing

picturesque in his dress, nothing impressive or striking in his walk or mien; nothing about him, in fact, to single him out from the monotony of manner which has seized upon man, woman, and child in England; to single him out as a smuggler, I mean; not forgetting, of course, that he must still have his own peculiar characteristics for the notice of those who know him well.

And if you can be content with *such* a hero, of such a one I have already heard, though our personal acquaintance is to follow, I hope—have patience, and you shall learn how. But do not let this preparation inspire you with expectations of a romantic incident. Our journey to this little watering-place was *triste* enough. 'Tis a cold, rainy, foggy June, and nothing could well be less interesting than the road after our second day's progress from Hastings; now winding a little inland through a flat country, now running over the still flatter sand and shingles, within view of the bleak sea; mist our atmosphere in every change. The sole objects of attraction were the martello-towers; but even they occurred so often, and were so perseveringly alike, that the sixth or seventh tired, and left no patience for the twenty-ninth or thirty-first.

Individuals or groups of their garrisons, too, seen now and then trailing a little barrel of fresh water from a remote spring, and all doing it so exactly in the same way, and all looking so like one man, multiplied through a diamond-cut glass, that at last I turned away my head from them, although they were almost the only living creatures we met for some time between village and village.

Upon the second evening we came in view of our proposed place of residence; and I had no sooner seen it, partially, and from a distance, than I had an omen it would not long be the place for us. A little row of narrow, tall, red-brick houses were cutting in chill shadow against the dull-coloured sea; their prim chimneys gadding up into the air, without emitting many puffs of smoke. Evidently they had been built by a few speculating individuals, to try and give the little retired place the air of a respectable bathing-town, and, except for a few months of summer and autumn, remained uninhabited, or but insufficiently so; and hence the want of warm vapour from their cheerless hearths, for visitors had not yet arrived.

We approached the village over a sandy, pebbly flat, where the sea must have once and

not very long ago reached,—it was not now fifty yards from our wheels,—and entered the main, the only street — a very, very uncomfortable one to look upon. You now saw the flimsy texture of the red-brick houses, and their paltry lording it over the few aboriginal cottages left to group with them or confront them. The three bathing-machines stood desolately on the shingles behind them; fishermen idled at the brink of their element; women leaned over the half-doors of their huckster's shops; the butcher and *his* shop seemed empty both, and gave little promise of London roast-beef; and the paddling and gabbling of the children at a ditch, opposite to the middle of the aristocratic row of houses, could not enliven the wide, unpaved, almost uninhabited street, or rather road. After all, however, you must remember that I made my observations through two mediums,— the misty, rayless evening, and the mood which it helped to fix me in. Doubtless, a fine day and the arrival of gay visitors will wonderfully change the face even of the red bricks. And you must not suppose that it is the want of small bustle in this little place which makes me think it will not suit us as a residence; no,—but something like the contrary,—the pro-

mise it holds out of an influx of just the kind of wandering idlers whose ways, whose selves, and whose *influence upon prices*, we are compelled for the present to shun; and whom we were led to believe we *could* shun by coming here; for the good folk of Hastings, thinking and speaking, of course, in recollection of their own brilliant town, assured us it was the most retired bathing-spot in England.

But alight with us at the inn. The young landlady received us alone, at the wide-open door of a large yellow-washed building, ushered us into a spacious hall, and then up-stairs into a sitting-room the whole length of her caravansary, half-carpeted, half-furnished, and having an end bow-window looking down upon the shivering sea, and,—as if itself were not enough,—supplied with a huge telescope, to afford us at our leisure as much as ever we liked of the waste of waters. We objected to a room so spacious and chilly of a cold evening, although one in June. Our proprietress assured us most faithfully that every other sitting-apartment was occupied; but a fire could be lighted in a moment, and we would soon find that the ball-room of the Anchor was most comfortable.

Hitherto no waiter had appeared; but as she

was about to leave us, an old man entered whom I had observed running after the coach, so soon as it showed a tendency to the Anchor, and he was the waiter; not permanently established in the house, indeed—that could not be afforded, at least till visitors should begin to crowd in for the summer; but living with his wife in a little cottage, into which great four-posted beds had been dragged, as I afterwards learned, for the purpose of enabling *it*, too, to hang out "in the season" a label of "apartments furnished."

He approached us down the long ball-room, looking very grave and interested, rubbing his hands, bowing, and bidding us welcome to the Anchor. He seemed to value himself upon his manners, as highly ornamental as well as necessary to his important situation. He began to make neat speeches in praise of the place we had come to visit. When we inquired about dinner he was eloquent,—alas! with the usual curse of eloquence, loss of time,—in praise of the abundance and excellence of every viand (and that was every possible one,)—within our reach and at our service; and, in fact, although very amusing, we found him for that occasion very tiresome.

He proved more tolerable after dinner. Hav-

ing talked almost all the time he was waiting on us without being attended to, the old man's tongue at last made some impression on our ears while his fish and mutton were digesting. And now, listen you also, Graves! In the middle of one of his politest observations, I interrupted him with, "And have you plenty of smugglers here!"

The question, as well as the uncouth suddenness of it, seemed to shock him; he stopped the gentle rubbing of his hands, bowed, did not raise his chin from his breast again, mumbled something unintelligible, and then stood silent. I repeated my inquiry in a more measured manner; he answered by an elaborate encomium on the morality of his native place. When close pressed, he admitted, that, so convenient to the sea, and the French coast so near, and brandy and other things so dear by reason of the King's duty, it was but natural to suppose that a smuggler might be found; for his own part, however, he could not be expected to know any thing on the subject; his very situation as waiter to the Anchor, where no brandy but the most lawful brandy, and the very best, was to be had, incapacitated him from making an observation; and

saying all this, and much more, he retired at my emphatic "Oh, very well."

I expected him back again, however, and back, indeed, he came. No one had rung for him, no one wanted him, he had no business of his own in the dreary ball-room; still he gently turned the handle of the door, slid in his spare limbs, clad in knee-breeches and blay-thread stockings, and pretended to arrange nothing at all on a side-table. We took no notice, but only smiled at each other; he hemmed once or twice, still we accosted him not. He demanded most respectfully if he could serve or oblige us in any way, and at length yielding to his late solitary wishes for gossip, indulged in the kitchen or elsewhere after last leaving the room, he came nearer, and in an accommodating low voice said, "I have been making some inquiries since, gentlemen."

I tolerantly encouraged him to unburden himself, and after much preparation, he gave us to understand, that, although none but loyal brandy was to be had in the Anchor, at the loyal price of course, he entertained few doubts of our being able to procure a much cheaper liquor, and some thought, almost as good, after

we should have been settled in a house, or in lodgings, according as we deemed fit; such, at least, was the information he had just obtained at a friend's, in the street, nigh at hand; and as to the matter of lodgings, there was a very honest woman lived quite close by the Anchor, and she had furnished apartments to let, the nicest and tidiest, certainly, if not the most fashionable, in the neighbourhood; just such as would suit a small respectable family, who might wish to live to themselves; (the old gabbler's penetration! and I winced under it, Graves, fool that I was;) and it was still lightsome enough for looking at her lodgings, and he would be happy to show us the way, if we pleased; and it occurred to him that this very respectable, elderly woman, knew as much, if not more, than he did, about making the proper inquiries concerning good and cheap brandy; and all he would take the liberty of requesting at our hands was, that we would not hint to the mistress of the Anchor his interference on the subject; indeed, he would also feel obliged if we omitted to mention his services in directing us to a lodging; inasmuch as our present good landlady might imagine he had rather impro-

perly neglected the interests of her establishment, in both instances, to say nothing of his acting immorally, against the law of the land: and—"

He ceased at last, and I saw he had not uttered a word of what I expected. Nay, his brandy anecdotes and suggestions vexed me, not only because they were uncalled for, but because he so easily took it as granted that we were just the sort of people to aid—and in so humble an instance—his smuggling friends in cheating the King: however, we had ordered no wine at, or after dinner. I was about to say something reprehensive to him, when my father anticipated me, telling the old fellow that no one had asked him to declare by what means we might succeed in taking off his hands, or off those of his friends, part of their last stock of smuggled spirits.

At this he looked overwhelmed, and had rudeness been in his nature, had his thin and meagre nerves been able to entertain it, doubtless he would have vindicated himself to our annoyance. As it was, his pale, drawn, sallow features, expressed only consternation, and his denials of my father's charge were confined to

tones and language which, in a similar position, real innocence might envy.

"Yes, however," I insisted, "and the honest woman, whose lodgings you praise so highly, is your wife?"

He was within a respiration of denying this too; but, suddenly checking himself, gravely, and with an air of timid self-assertion, admitted the fact; adding, that although he had said a few words in praise of Mrs. Moffit's apartments, we would find others say more—more indeed, than befitted the lips of a near connexion of her's; and, besides, we could form our own opinions on the matter, by just stepping over to her house—(he did not call it *his* house, nor had he, ever since his detection, called the lodgings *his*,) only permitting him to acquaint her with our intention beforehand,—that is, he meant that he should prefer leaving the Anchor a few moments before us, if it were but to avoid his mistress's observation—a shrewd, though excellent young lady.

I was amused, as also was my father, at his own consummate, though mere village shrewdness, so obvious through his last discourses; its intermixture with his then timidity and farcical suavity of manner, (the latter supposed,

doubtless, to be admirable, and very like the gentility of head London waiters, not one of whom he had ever seen,) was really fresh and entertaining. My father assured him, however, that Mrs. Moffit could not be visited till morning, although her and her apartments should then have the preference of a first observation; and I again abruptly changed the conversation by saying,

"But unless you gratify our curiosity with a good account of the most popular smuggler captain on your coast, never shall Mrs. Moffit be visited at all."

Certainly, to the very best of his ability, it was his place and business to give all the information he could to any guests at the Anchor; not meaning to say that upon the present topic he was as much at liberty to speak, or indeed as well-informed, as upon others he might be found to be; gentlemen would learn, upon inquiry, that during his life of sixty-five years, spent in that neighbourhood, Richard Moffit was believed to be a moral, inoffensive man; yet, some whispers of what we were pleased to be curious to learn, he could not have avoided hearing: his conversation out of doors, this evening, since we had arrived at the Anchor, farther enabled him to oblige us: and,

in fact, the most celebrated owner and captain of a lugger, about, was one Lilly-White.

"A singular name," I remarked: "was it his real name?"

Yes; my informant was quite sure that his name was White.

"Ay," I said, "but the other name, 'Lilly,' was that feigned, or real?"

Why, he protested, he should think so; he saw no reason for supposing that it was not.

"It was a very unusual one, however; were there any other persons who bore it, in his native place?"

Not one;—stop; he would think; no, not one that he could bring to mind.

"It seems a nick-name," I resumed: "Is he a very fair-complexioned man?"

Either the aim of this question was guessed at by my simple old friend, or he could really give me no information. He had never seen Lilly-White, he said, so was no judge of his complexion.

"Nor heard him described?"

"No; not in particular." Now I began to suspect Mr. Moffit of an apathetic ignorance on all subjects not immediately connected with his calling, or callings,—a trait of mind much more

common among the lower orders in England than among those of any other civilized country. With a strange association for a motive to the particular kind of question, and a wish to gauge his standard of intellect for a motive to the question at all, I marched him to the bow-window at the end of the ball-room, and asked him how he called the smooth, raised ground which ran under it, immediately over the shingles of the sea? "The Parade," he replied (every little hamlet bathing-place must now have its "Parade," after Brighton).

"And why was it called the Parade?" I asked again.

He looked baffled, and most seriously at fault; I pressed my question; and at length he declared he did not know, unless it might be because Mr. Brotherly kept his circulating library on it. I was satisfied as to the state of his mental energy, and brought to mind, with some laughter, the circumstance which had suggested my rather irrelevant question. By chance, I once inquired of a native of Seven Oaks, Kent, why a certain smooth field outside his little town, went by the name of "The Vine:"—"because they plays cricket on it," was *his* answer. And ever since, when I am

prone to find out the powers of reasoning from cause to effect of one of my insulated countrymen, I propose a query touching the appellation of some spot or object of his native place, as, on the present occasion I did. But return we to Lilly-White.

"Could I be informed on what account he was held to be the most celebrated smuggling hero of his coast?"

"Certainly. He had the greatest success of any, and was the richest."

"How rich, for example?"

It was hard to say; but very rich. He had built some houses for visitors, in the season, and purchased others; and his brother lived in a large farm-house, in a little lonesome village, at some distance, taking care of his daughters for him, and perhaps other things; and there was a large farm attached to the house, which the brother farmed,—on his own account, he pretended; and he also let it be believed, that house and all were his; but this was well known to be only a make-believe of Lilly's, who had his own reasons for not being set down as a wealthy man.

"Lilly-White, then, could not have sus-

tained many losses in his unlawful and perilous trade?"

"Some losses, certainly. He had been 'Exchequered,' to a large amount, for contraband articles found in his farm-house, and even in his pockets; but his savings allowed him to pay the fines, and still be rich; nor could these accidental losses be said to have sullied his general character for success and good fortune in his profession; for though his lugger ran in a cargo almost every two months, some point or other along the cliff, and though a cutter was always watching her at sea, and double guards of men-of-war's men ashore, she had never been surprised, nor 'never lost a tub.'"

"Had she ever been chased?"

My old acquaintance looked disturbed, but answered collectedly, "not that any one knew of." I gave him his own time, and he continued to hint, in a whisper, that two things, however, two rather "oudacious things," were suspected of Lilly-White. It was conjectured that he was not far from the lugger which ran in and landed, and safely disposed of a cargo, in the middle of the noon-day, last Good Friday, near Hastings, while the blockade men were drawn

off the coast, and in the town at Divine service; and, lately, his friends feared that if those who fired at a King's vessel, during a hot chase, in the middle of the Channel, and for whose discovery large rewards had been offered, if they could be brought to justice, Lilly-White might be brought to trouble. My at last communicative Mr. Moffit ended his anecdotes for the night, by allowing me to understand that every second-rate, or second-hand smuggler in the village, and about it, men and women, were all customers of Lilly, and to some extent or other confidants; that he could summon, at a beck, three hundred, or if necessary, double that number, from far and near, to aid him in "working a cargo," any fine dark night in the year, at any point he might fix upon; that he cared no more for the coast-blockade, than he used to care for the riding-officers, who, before the close of the war, preceded them in the preventive service; that——

"But how does he make so light of them, and of their good pistols and cutlasses?" I interrupted.

"Bags and carts some, Sir, and 'tis thought, though I, for one, will never believe the story

of the King's sworn men—bribes others," answered Mr. Moffit.

"Bags them?" I asked in considerable surprise. And the head waiter of the Anchor was about to satisfy me, when its mistress suddenly opened the ball-room door, and called him angrily away; and I have not since had an opportunity of requesting him to resume his lecture.

But here, as I promised you, dear Graves, you have a first and faint sketch of the most romantic smuggling captain on this coast. And he turns out to be of the kind I warned you to expect; a rich fellow, using only the common-place aids of cunning and prudence to ensure success in his ventures; with a comfortable, common-place house to live in, when his leisure or his plans allow or induce him to prefer the land to the sea, for a residence; and with his children, and doubtless, their housewifely, respectable mother dwelling therein: but, by the way, I should like to know more of his establishment; whether it *is* orderly, and within order and law; whether that housewifely, respectable lady is married or single, and so forth. For though I can never bring myself to regard

smuggling with the full legal horror in which some people contemplate it, I admit my great doubts that it assists in keeping a man moral in other respects. Indeed, how can it? it is the breach of a law, though not a divine one; and with the uneducated, or the half-educated, the breach of one law leads to—seems to sanction—the breach of another; and these, in a country where the institutions of God are (if I do not say *confirmed*, what can I say?) confirmed by Act of Parliament, it is easy stepping from law to law, till the most important and sacred are trampled under foot. This is loosely argued, for the present. Perhaps I may link my chain closer, another time. Now take it as you can get it; and good by, dear Graves, for a day or two. My long epistle goes to you by coach, for——it is the beginning of the Journal.

M. M.

XI.

TO RICHARD GRAVES, ESQ.

For my month's silence, and leaving unanswered many of your friendly and anxious letters, dear Graves, what excuse can I make? I will attempt none, if I am not able to give you

reasons, instead. First, then, "Harold." He chose to take full possession of my mind, immediately after my last dispatch, and—I have finished him, and he is in the manager's hands by this time. Secondly, unless had I sat down to write to you about nothing, during the half-hours or hours he left me at leisure, there was absolutely no use writing to you at all. Next, I was mightily listless and lazy, during all those hours and half hours; and lastly, dear Graves—for I *am* to give you my confidence—uneasiness of mind, if I *had* a minute to spare from laziness—at once incapacitated and made me unwilling to address you. Yes, I *will* mention to you, that my father's circumstances cause me, every day, increased disquietude. I have discovered by chance that he is even poorer than he owned to me. Strange to say, he had made Bessy more of a confidant than me, and her secret fits of crying, in which I more than once surprised her, tempted enquiries at my hands that her gentle and yielding character could not long resist.

But, "Harold" finished and dispatched, my heart is lighter. So far, I have done as I ought; and hope—or something like it, in me, though, alack! not like early hope—whispers

good results. While my effort was only progressive, you may imagine the kind of uneasiness I have spoken of, when you also recollect my discovery, arrived at through Bessy.

And so, I am scribbling to you again, and at last. And about what at last? any thing, as you shall see.

Notwithstanding my gloomy description of our arrival here, I must now inform you that, with one or two exceptions, it is a very charming little place to live in. I may say, without any exception, that it is a charming place to walk in. Try a sea-walk. Immediately outside the village the land begins to rise, from the shingles, and you ascend gradually till your path is by the brink of sheer precipices of a great height. A little inland, arises the barren, lumpy, blackish summit of the most considerable point on the coast, for many miles. Gain this windy, and almost uninhabited eminence, and before you, and falling again, leap after leap into the sea, the cliffs curve away to an immense distance, their white sides livelily contrasting with the green sward that runs flat to their edges. You quite look down upon their whole broken and jumping line, and they, and the seemingly glassy sea, against whose light

surface they are painted, have a map-like appearance, upon a huge and—I don't know how or why—an awful scale. Turn to your right. The graduated mountain upon the top of which you stand, slopes inland from you, in spacious and majestic undulations, beginning to be cultivated at about its second-last slip beyond your vision; forming immense valleys, flats, and convex sweeps; and within, or upon some of these, dwindled to spots in distance, cows and sheep are grazing. Still you are in perfect, almost primitive solitude, with a feeling of your position oppressing and yet exciting you; a jumbled consciousness of vast extent, great height, savageness, natural convulsion, and the strength of the struggles of the tempest with the ocean.

Almost uninhabited I have called this solitary region. It would be wholly so, but for the signal-house upon it, in which a few men-of-war's men perform, night and day, their apportioned duty against smuggling. And yet I do not know if their single little bleak dwelling much intrudes upon the whole character of the scene. Does a single edifice of any kind ever do so, in an extensive and peculiar solitude? Perhaps not, but rather the reverse. It makes you whisper, "how lonely!" and thus distinctly

is expressed your sense of the master-impression. The solitude overpowers the rival idea of inhabitation, by its tremendous contrast. Nor, as I strolled near the group of men who burnished their weapons, or walked as sentinels, outside the signal-house, did their appearance seem to be unsuitable to their situation; on the contrary, as half-stripped of their not un-brigand attire, they eyed me in the reserved and sullen silence and scrutiny which their service teaches them to assume, I felt that the figures well became the scenery. During all my walks, indeed, by the coast, these blockade-men have interested me. They seem so isolated, each upon his prescribed promenade over the smooth sand or the rough shingles; so cut off from commerce and sympathy with their kind, though, near to and at the village, little crowds pass them or stand almost at their elbows, talking, and laughing and gabbling as *they* must not do; and their imposed silence, and the sense of their duty and predicament gives such an unnaturally passionless or stern character to their features—often young and comely—and they stand so prepared, from morning to night, with cutlass and pistols, brow and eye, to enact their fierce duty upon all of a smuggling cast of face,

who seem to approach them too nearly. Poor fellows! along with this curse of loneliness, and the temptations to absolute misanthropy which it includes, theirs must be a miserable service during the long, moonless, and howling nights of winter. Sometimes they fall over the cliffs, and are drowned or dashed to pieces, when the swelling of the sea compels them to keep watch on the path of the high land.

But we are still upon the mountain's top, and as yet you have but looked before you, and to your left down upon the cliffs and the sea, and to your right to the point at which the barren land disappears from you at a dip towards the mountain's yet unexplored base. Glance farther to the right; another considerable eminence, with an unseen but richly cultivated valley between, confronts the height on which you are, and its summit is barren, too, and a little craggy, though upon its noble breast are clumps of fine trees surrounding stately or elegant mansions, and waving fields of green and yellow, cottages, gardens, and the commencement of a village, of the continuation of which an interposing curve of land deprives you. Turn your back to the savage sea, after having ventured to peep down upon it from the verge of the point's

steepest and most abrupt precipice—(feeling somewhat impatient, by the way, of the *material* of which the precipice and its grand *forms of rocks* are made,—chalk, chalk, soft, crumbly chalk, that belies in some degree the first general impressions of stupendous solidity—and its colour, too, making you smile at the notion of the entire line of cliff having been white-washed)—turn your back upon the sea, and then upon the signal-house, and then upon the whole desolate scenery you have been studying, and descend inland towards the haunts of men. Before you have half travelled your path, very gorgeous is the view that comes upon you, of a continuation of the coast in the direction opposite to that towards which you have previously turned your face. Your eye bounds like a bird over the dots of the houses of the little village whence commenced your walk, and flies zig-zag with the land by the sea's edge to other villages, other points, and others and others still, for thirty miles or more, the last dreamy line mixed up with the rich white curling masses of the noon-day clouds; and round martello towers, or round redoubts of much greater compass, serve for resting-places at every flight, as it were, of vision; some glowing white against the

sunless sea; some, in their turn, shadowed by a cloud, while the sea laughs brilliantly behind them. And fail not to observe the ceaseless play of light and shade, of delicate shadow or positive obscuration, or bursting, straggling rays, or unobstructed sunshine, upon the fields of waters themselves; here, making them as green as grass in winter, and seemingly opaque and solid, there dying them deep blue or sullen brown, and there party-colouring them like a prism, and there sweeping them with dazzling lustre. And see, now and then, close by the land, and at such a distance as to cheat your glance of all motion, the veiled waters partake of the colour of the sand, or of the meadows, or of the marshes adjacent to them, and, under the magic influence of light and shadow, all,—all, solid and fluid,—seems a flat of wild mountain moor, or of stagnant fen, chequered with a thousand vague tints and expressions.

Descend your hilly path, and so close all your sea-views. Ten minutes now bring you into a highly-cultivated country, apparently as much inland as if the coast were forty miles off. Here you feel no sharp air, hear no dash or roar of waves, or rumbling and clattering of the shingles after their receding; and I need not add, that

the waves themselves are completely hid from your view. Wind your way homewards. By short cuts, through teeming and almost ready fields of bright-surfaced wheat or silken-surfaced barley, you will soon gain a village, after passing two or three less considerable ones, which, for the present, you are bound to call—home. It is about half a mile from the village at the sea-side, which I described to you, under the influence of a bad evening, as our resting-place upon our first arrival here; both are connected, as well by pleasant paths, inside "hedge-row elms," as by a good road; and all around me, as I at present write, smile seclusion and cultivation, and embowering trees, before whose screen curls up the common-place but always delightful blue smoke of the cottage or the farm-house; and still I catch not a glimpse of the sea, nor an echo of his chafings, although a run of a few minutes would enable me to plunge into his cooling bosom, or glide in a pleasure-skiff over his surface.

After all, then, we have not adopted Mr. Moffit's recommendation of a lodging, nor, in fact, have settled down at all in any of his red-brick houses? On this point I have a few words to say, dear Graves, which, if they

give you no information, may amuse you. At some of my words, indeed, I know you will scarce smile; perhaps you may even feel disposed, in spite of yourself, to shrug your shoulders or yawn at the details of petty misery to which a want of affluence exposes one in purse-proud England. But, no matter, the rigmarole journal must be filled.

We sallied out the morning after our arrival to Mrs. Moffit's lodgings. At a glance we saw they would not do. Rooms of the smallest size papered with different patterns, stuffed with second-hand, nay, I promise you, fourth, or fifth, or tenth-hand articles of massive old-fashioned furniture, and approached by a little straight stair-case not much more than two feet wide. In the dog-days, or even less ardent weather, one might as well go lodge in an oven. And yet I saw that my father balanced between the prospect of inconvenience and the hope of low rent, until, having spoken of terms to Mrs. Moffit, that good housekeeper mentioned a weekly sum which drove him quickly out of her house; it was on a par with what people demand of you in London in the season.

We then looked at other apartments. The same exorbitant rent was insisted upon in many

instances; and we found that so far from escaping extortion in this little out of the world place, —as regarded lodgings, at least,—we did not stand a chance of comfortable accommodation for double the money which our circumstances enabled us to offer. Now, good Graves, there must be something unnatural and artificial, ay, and unenduring, too, in the habits of living of a community, who, one with another, cannot afford to sell the conveniences of life at less than treble, quadruple their value.

At last we entered the house of a poor woman whose demand came near our means of paying her. It was even one of the red-brick edifices, but one of the last and the humblest of the row. Boasting two stories, its walls were not more than nine inches thick; its staircase rivalled Mrs. Moffit's, or the steps down to the cabin of a packet-boat, for narrowness and straightness; and when you walked across one of its rooms, the whole building and every thing in it shook and clattered, so as to startle you. The proprietress was a comely, tidy, poorly-dressed, anxious, frightened-looking woman. A crowd of beautiful children followed her, gawkishly, and at a distance, while she exhibited her apartments; and she had left two more, the "great

girls," to take care of her little shop of odds and ends, below stairs. We all liked her; nay, as we afterwards found, pitied her, without knowing why; and as soon as she mentioned her "guinea and a half a week," we were her tenants. This was a guinea less than Mrs Moffit had spoken of, and we wondered why our landlady demanded, for better lodgings than those cherished by that lady, so comparatively small a sum. The cause soon became apparent to us.

Her husband was a village *roué*, of the least agreeable stamp. He had spent, in that rendezvous of idleness and vice, so ostentatiously placarded, at the present day, in every village of England—"The Tap,"—as well as in other places, and with other than its companions, all their little property; he would not, though a good artisan, work at his trade to earn a shilling for her, her children, or himself; so soon as he thought the little till in her little shop contained a few shillings of savings, he was in the lordly habit of breaking it open, if she refused him the key—after first blackening her eye: from all these circumstances, the spirit-crushed woman hourly feared that utter poverty and starvation would close round her little family; and hence,

in precipitate anxiety to let her lodgings, that so she might secure a weekly sum, or part of it for them, she had descended from the unconscionable terms insisted on by her less necessitous neighbours.

We have since regretted that we did not at first become aware of the cause of the cheapness of our lodgings; for, much as the poor woman commanded pity, we certainly should not, in that case, have taken them. And we waited but few proofs of the character of her husband; (the fellow would pass for a gentleman, by the way—dress dandily, and follow his pleasures, at his leisure—nay, I have seen him go a shooting, with a double-barrelled gun in his hand, and a setter at his heels—do you find nothing artificial and unenduring here, again, Graves?) the screams of his wife and children, as he beat her and them, and knocked some pieces of furniture against the wall, on two occasions, and his coming home from the tap, or elsewhere, at daylight, upon one occasion, was enough for us, and sent us to look after a new home.

These are some of the matters, Graves, that I doubted would read very pleasant to you. I do not write them in a feeling a whit more

agreeable than any they may inspire in you; no, nor experience them, either. You know my former course of life, and can so assure yourself. You have visited us in the good old family-house, in Yorkshire. Nothing paltry surrounded us there; nor, during our two years' residence in France, upon still decreasing means, were things so bad. The French, whatever be their other sins in our eyes, certainly have not the English knack of asking and compelling you to pay three or four times too much for a roof to shelter you, and food and drink to nourish you;—at least not out of the metropolis, and the larger towns. In fact, we contrived to pass for richish people in France. See us now, for the first time, struggling against a descent into almost abject humility. See my poor father, and my dear little sister, exposed, after all their experience of elegant comfort, to know that there is such a scoundrel in the world as the husband of the poor woman I have been speaking of. And so, judge if I recount these incidents with ease of mind. However, were I alone in our present poverty, I think I could compound with its disagreeable haps, for the observation it gains me of new and hitherto unknown or only surmised traits of the mind, and

of moral and social habits of that great bulk and great stay of every people, the middle and the lower orders. And as you have led me to surmise that you would listen to me, in a similar view I will continue our lodging-hunting adventures.

At any possible sacrifice, it was now resolved that we would have a house to ourselves, in future; no matter how small, or otherwise inconvenient, provided our means could compass it, we were determined never again to run the risk of being under one roof with people whom we did not know and could not be sure of. Accordingly, Bessy and I, leaving my father reposing in bed, went out to look about us.

It struck me that house-rent would be more moderate out of the pale of the red-brick sea-side houses; we therefore walked a little way along the road which leads from them to the village where we at present sojourn. At one side of the way were many ready-furnished abodes. We knocked at the doors of two or three, of an appearance such as we once thought humble, but, to my consternation—if you imagine consternation with a smile on its lip—four, five, and seven guineas a week were asked for them. At length we met a little detached

square, newly-built cottage, having little gardens, just laid out, and of course, bare and unverdant, before and behind it; and, experience-taught, pulled the little bell-handle at its gate, in a kind of resigned despair of our lot. Our summons was answered by a very tall, athletic, straight-backed, striding, handsome-featured, powerful-eyed, disagreeable-looking woman, of forty, or thereabout; she was the wife of the proprietor. We found him in the little parlour of the cottage; answering in stature to his spouse, but gaunt, wasted, and suffering under the continuation of whatever disease had caused his emaciated and skin-dried appearance. He sat in an easy-chair, on pillows. His salutation of us was not civil, but I excused or rather passed it by, on account of his indisposition. Nor had his wife been less uncouth when she met us at the gate: her sex was her privilege, however, and I bowed very low,—you will guess *how*,—to a woman, who, by her dress and manners, did not even pretend to gentility of station. But, resolve me, Graves, —What do our good compatriots, of any rank or sex, gain by this?

A few words arranged our business. For two guineas a week the comfortable-looking

cottage became ours. The old man boastingly, though in short sentences, engaged to give us possession at an hour's notice, as he had lately been amusing himself building a second cottage, not quite so spacious as this one, at the bottom of his back-garden, and he and his wife could step over, there, in a moment. By this, and other surprisingly short speeches, I apprehended that he half wished to give us, in a surly manner, a proper idea of how easy his circumstances were, and what an independent person he was; the common foible, often, too often so expressed, of men of his class. I looked at him, and listened to him curiously, and before we wished him a good morning, asked a few questions, the better to make him out.

A musket, a sabre, and a pair of great horse-pistols hung over the parlour chimney. I surmised that the neighbourhood must not be over quiet and honest, since such a formidable array of self-defence seemed to be thought necessary. I was quite mistaken, he said: it was as quiet a neighbourhood as any in England. But, although I paused, he would not gratify me by saying any more. Thus, I was compelled to

conjecture other things; and at last he informed me—letting out the words gruffly, and in a hurry, and turning away his head as if I had greatly offended him—that the arms had belonged to him upon two occasions; once, when he was an infantry yeoman, and at another time, when he was sergeant of a corps of yeomen-dragoons. His wife, thinking, perhaps, that enough had not been said to exhibit her husband's and her own importance in the world, added, as she began to lay the cloth for dinner, that Mr. Wiggins had gone into the yeomen, twice, while in my Lord ——'s establishment; and he had spent his life so far till a year ago under that nobleman's roof, who was very much attached to him; "the same what he was indeed to herself;" for she, too, had earned her bread, and secured part of their present independence, in the same family; and it was "my lord," who had given Mr. Wiggins, rent-free, the ground they were then standing on, and leave to draw gravel, from the common, to help to build the cottage—and a good many other benefactions. And such were the foundations of the consequence of Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins: and for these reasons they could

not afford to be civil to any one under a lord—they who, during their whole lives, had lived in the same house with one.

Graves, never, if you can avoid it, become the tenant of a man who has realized, some how or other, an "independence" in a great man's family: never do business of any kind with him. The polish of the servants' hall has fitted him to be a very silly member of society, when at last he emerges into the world, towards every human being of a rank less, in his eyes, than that of his peerless patron. I do not fear that the state of the connexion between master and servant, in our country, will supply you with many instances of a long period of servitude, in one family, at length rewarded by a competence in old age, and therefore I have few fears of your being often exposed to the temptation of erring against my advice. Some such individual as I at present introduce to you, you may, however, happen to meet; and therefore I cry out again, take no house, nor cottage, nor tenement of any kind from him.

But, most especially, if he retires out of your new habitation, to go reside only in "a second

cottage, not quite so spacious, at the bottom of the back-garden,"—be not his tenant, for an hour.

The prying, gadding, intruding, gossiping habits of the amazonian Mrs. Wiggins, first disturbed our quiet. She used to stride across the garden, in the mornings, before we were up —(oh, these delightful facts!)—and enter our premises, to scold our one maid servant. She received a polite hint to stay at home. Then, forth issued her gigantic husband—in downright truth (almost) a giant's skeleton, clothed —and, dragging his limbs after him, by our fine hall door with two steps, he addressed himself to us, in through an open window. My father was shocked—Bessy frightened, and, as usual, set a-crying. I went out to remonstrate. The old man, trembling with offended dignity, rage and feebleness, called me names, raised his crutch over my head, and defied me to remove him from where he stood. So, I could only return into the cottage, shut the door, and close the window.

But something was to be done. My father proposed an application to a magistrate, in order that we might be legally protected against the

nuisance of the half-mad old invalid. And this has been the chief aim of my lodging-house anecdotes, Graves—this magistrate. Before we come to him, however, let me go on a moment with the worthy Wigginses; for *their* goings-on, after this scene, have made me smile, and may produce merriment on your face also.

You need not be told that it was a conviction of our poverty, gathered by the domestic observation of our landlady, which prompted this vivacity on the part of her spouse. And as we had not the grace to seek their neighbourly acquaintance — ay, Graves, 'tis come to that with us—we were set down for poor, proud pretenders, and now it became necessary to humble us by an assumption of the legitimate superiority of wealth—that is of their notions of wealth and consideration in the world, as you shall see.

A few hours after his visit to our parlour-window, Mr. Wiggins appeared in his gardens, dressed like any gentleman: I could imagine the exhortations of his amiable wife, as she produced his best suit, and assisted him to put it on: "*it was a better one than their fine gentlemen tenants had between them, at any rate.*"

The vapouring old man had also in his hand, to my surprise, a riding whip. My curiosity aroused, I so placed myself as to watch the operations of his spouse, at the back of the premises, while he thus took the air, in quite a brilliant way, in the front garden, and again and again close by our windows. I saw her vanish, more than once, into a little clumsily-built shed—I am sure she had contrived it with her own strong hands, shoulders and loins, for no regular workman could have imagined or reared such a piece of architecture. By and by she appeared at the door, or hole, of this sty, and after looking watchfully around her, drew out by the bridle a little rough-coated cob, whom all her curry-combing and brushing could not bring to a decent polish, and led him through her back gate, to a lane. Wiggins, obeying a signal, quickly joined her; and in a few moments we had him on the cob's back, trotting up and down the road before the cottage, shaking like a bag of bones, from one side of his old saddle to the other, and doubtless undergoing, poor wretch, a poignant penance, but still trying to grace his steed's back, and to gnaw the ivory handle of his whip, with an air—

all in exultation over the stand-offish beggars that could command no such display of horse-manship. And——

Now for our magistrate:—*magistrate*—my pen seems to grate, writing the word, as if it had caught up some sand in its nib. "Tush!" Well, Graves, yes; tush, I say, also.

A lord, no less: that is, I believe, a Viscount; Lord Lintern (I hope I do honour to the orthography of his title), and, as I think I have heard some one say, of new creation, and not very long settled on his lately-purchased estate, in this neighbourhood.

Bessy, after much persuasion from her father as well as me, agreed to accompany me, as a necessary witness. We did not find the noble magistrate at home, and so were obliged to leave our names, and promise to call again. This small fact has little to do with the matter in hand, you say: "why not take me into the audience-room, at once; no matter how often *you* called, before you penetrated so far?" For reasons, Richard; our second magistrate dislikes me as much, if not more, than did our first, though he has not sinned so deeply against me, and I willingly postpone re-visiting him, not-

withstanding that he and all connected with him, (so far as I know him and them) interests, almost excites me;—and next, the fact of not finding him at home, when we called first, has added to my intimacy with another individual, whom I like much better, and whom, in recollection of some of your instructions, I will introduce beforehand to your philosophical observation.

Lord Lintern dwelt some miles from us. Bessy could not, or her father would not permit her, to walk so far this (at last) hot weather. "A fly" was our resource; and I sallied forth to the little stand of these public vehicles which during the season are to be found even in the little village at the sea-side, here, drawn up, waiting for customers, with all the importance of a long line of town hackney-coaches. I hoped I might chance to find disengaged one in which my father and Bessy had once or twice before taken an airing; for its proprietor, who was also its "whip," had upon these occasions amused us. And fortune favoured my hope; I had no sooner come in view of the stand than Master Fox, jumping up in his seat, caught my eye and hailed me, and, at an answering signal, gallop-

ed forward to where I stood his ill-matched pair of steeds; one, a black poney, stone-blind, broken-kneed, and very old; the other, a soiled-brown beast, some two hands higher, of tender age, but, short as had been his time in harness, showing little of the spirit of youth in his one eye, or in any of his motions.

Master Fox is a short individual of, as he told me, forty-one and upwards, and the lord of a tallish stout wife, and seven offspring—although, drawing conclusions from his appearance, and the whole expression of his face and manner, I had as lief consider him a hardship-thinned (though not tamed) and hardship-wrinkled, youngish man or lad, of—I know not what age, now that I push myself on the point. You sometimes meet in his station of life, do you not, human creatures whose age is thus puzzling? Going by his features and hands, my only visible guides to his proportions, *au naturel*, I should further conclude that he is as lean and wiry as he is short—indeed, much more so; yet his loose blue body-coat, obviously the gift of some patron of larger dimensions, with its tarnished yellow buttons straddling wide, far below the small of his back, might leave the question

doubtful to unstudious eyes. No matter for all that; he is the nimblest, the merriest, and the most gesticulating and smirking of the sons of white Albion whom it has yet been my chance to encounter. He jumps up and down his seat on his fly, to help you into it or out of it, or to fix a buckle of his harness, or to save his steeds up-hill, with the agility and goodwill (for the exercise) of an amiable monkey. And he will turn sideways to you upon the road, and chatter alternately to you and to "Polly, missis," (the blind pony,) and "Harrit, miss," (the animal of loftier stature,) and answer you as gravely as he can when you demand local information, and volunteer a pleasant anecdote, and grin heartily at it, in a way that would be French if it attempted a little more politeness and self-importance; or Irish if—if it *were:* and I am of opinion that an Irishman himself could scarce get better out of *that* dilemma of the want of an antithesis. And do not infer from any thing I have said, that there is a particle of folly in the mental composition of "Mas'r Fox." Look at his clever though snub nose, and at his sharp little grey eyes, even when they are laughing, and at the corners of his bony-lipped mouth, even when his teeth are fully exposed, and you

will suspect no such thing of him. Weigh, too, the whole of his unusual system of being amusing,—(after first permitting it, as I did,)—and you may find that one half of it costs him nothing, inasmuch as it is constitution; and that, perhaps, he slily hopes to make something by the other half. But this is playing Rochefoucauld. I like my fly-proprietor, notwithstanding all my shrewd observations of him; I like,—apart from his merits already touched upon,—his industry, his never-ceasing industry; his downright energy (without fuss in it) in the knack of squeezing meat, and drink, and clothes, and fire, and house-rent, and taxes, out of every thing and person he encounters, for himself, and his portly wife, (whom he is so proud of, though, I fear, not exquisitely faithful to,) and his seven little Foxes. For he is not fly-charioteer merely. You meet him carting, or working in the fields, or flying on an errand, or making or mending shoes,—(he served his time to the trade,)—at the rear of his huckster's shop on the skirts of the village, whenever he knows he can judiciously let his fly and its steeds stand idle under their little shed. I like him for all this; and for whipping up and spanking in style past his wife's door, and nodding and smirking to her

upon all occasions when he can boast a good load of company; and, above all, I like him for his deeply religious turn and notions, and the improving conversations they engender between us. And, now, is not Master Fox better than a magistrate? I laugh with him till the water comes into my eyes.

But, well. It was he, I think, who first informed me that Lord Lintern was almost a new comer in the neighbourhood, as we proceeded for the first time to the magistrate's residence. Other hints of his character were mentioned by Master Fox, as we returned homeward without seeing him; and I comprehended as much as that he was not cordially beloved, that there was a lack of domestic peace and happiness in his fine mansion; and "that he was all for dinner-parties, and evening-parties, and wine-parties,—sabbath-days and all,—with some people what ought to show him and others a different example."

The last severe though vague insinuation roused my curiosity, and I asked a question.

"Mind your steps, Polly, missis," chirped Master Fox, by way of answer, in the first instance; "See, Sir, yonder 's one of the new chapels as I spoke about."

"I know," said I; "I was there last Sunday." And so I was; for you need not be told, Graves, I study in the tabernacles too.

"And the preacher, Sir? That man has a real gift; he began in the marshes outside the village, Sir; and though he had only a round frock on then, I 'll tell you something about that, Sir: we had a young gentleman here, in the season, as good as out of his time for going into *the establishment*,—you understand, Sir, one of *his Majesty's sarv'nts*,—but I be blessed if he heard Mr. Boakes more than two sabbaths when he cum round some't righter, and we have him in Lonnon now, Sir, in a chapel of his own. I say, Harrit, miss!" *(chirping.)*

"That tells much, indeed, for your country preacher," I said; "I 'll go hear him again to-morrow,"—(it was to be Sunday,)—"provided we shall have time to spare after our second ride to Lord Lintern."

"You left word you would call again to-morrow, Sir?" asked Master Fox, gravely.

"Yes; and I engage you now for the ride."

"Thank you, Sir, much obleeged; but—I beg your pardon—how will that be?"

"How will what be?"

"On my own account I mean, Sir; beg your

pardon; but they are strict with us, as they ought to be, you know,—Harrit! leave that stone alone, will you?—and once before, Sir, that I drove out a lady and gentleman on that day, they spoke some't of asking me to withdraw my name from the books;—though I be blessed, Sir, if 'twarn't a real case of necessity,—and so, you see,—'morrow, Jane!"—a pretty and not very bashful girl passed us, and I detected a right friendly glance between her and the speaker,—"and so, you see, Sir, though I be thankful, as I ought to be, for any gentleman's custom, I—but what d' you think yourself, Sir? It 's lawful business, I'm blowed if it bayn't, ain't it? and business as can't be put off to another day; and I gains my bread by the fly, and——"

And, in fact, notwithstanding his bodings that the religious community to whom he had attached himself would expunge his name "from the books," he promised to call for us at our house the next day; and I knew I might wait till then for a more satisfactory answer to the question which "Mas'r" Fox had put off by "Mind your steps, Polly, missis."

* * * * * *

"I be blessed alive, Sir," said Master Fox, half-way upon our road, during our second jaunt to Lord Lintern's, "but here comes one of the very men what I'd rather not meet to-day."

I stood up in the fly, and saw a sad-faced, black-bearded, black-habited person, of about fifty, walking slowly against us, and strewing to either side of the road, at every dozen steps or so, printed papers.

"He sees me, Sir," continued Fox.

I perceived, indeed, that the man stopped a little distance from us, bending upon the black-sheep of his flock a thunderstruck look, though there was no frowning nor agitation in it.

"Well, Polly, missis,—no help for it,—we must live, Polly; and so we must, Harrit, miss; and so,"—gently striking his accomplices in sin, while he chirped sadly "go along!"—"Servant, Mr. Boakes," touching his hat respectfully and very consciously, as the preacher passed us still looking expressively at Fox.

"What are those papers?" I asked.

Master Fox jumped nimbly upon the road, picked up two or three, presented them to me, and, at another bound, regained his seat. I

found them to contain most lively and authentic descriptions of the infernal sufferings in store for sinners of all kinds, but particularly sabbath-breakers. Their coarse monstrosity and familiar details disgusted me, and I could not help feeling that such appeals to the lower orders were calculated to demoralize, rather than to inspire a sympathy with the doctrines of a religion of love. I called to mind the young barber who, the other day, speculatively laid out a halfpenny to purchase one of these road-side tracts as his letter of introduction into the house of the old miser, whom, together with his old female attendant, he had planned to murder, and whom he did murder during church hours of a Sunday. I could not deny, either, that the police-offices in London are often enlightened with the involuntary presence of some of the tract-distributors themselves. But, worst of all, thought I, worst of all, is the slanderous portrait of the Deity thus imposed upon the mere animal apprehensions of the vulgar.

You will not suppose, however, that I allowed Master Fox to judge of my reveries on the present occasion; on the contrary, he

only heard me say, "Do you think that people must be a great deal the better for reading these?"

"Out and out, Sir; seldom we hear any thing half as much for our good, *in the old place*, on the sabbath."

"Probably: and yet the Book of Common Prayer is made up of the most beautiful portions of the Bible, and of little else."

"Yes, yes, Sir, like enough; but turned to their own account, Sir; to their own account, Sir."

"I know; but in what particular way?"

"I 'll ask you, Sir, if you please, where do they find the command writ down to send a man into my poor clover-field, and take away many a good breakfast and dinner from Polly and Harrit, here?"

Master Fox was begging the question, but I allowed him to chatter on in his own style.

"Or," he continued, "send me a notice,—and I be blow'd if they ha'n't, Sir,—to pay them tithe out of my little gooseberry-garden?"

"Is that possible?"

I was really surprised at the anecdote, and doubtful if the zealous little sectarian did not now seek to prop the case of his grounds of

jealousy of, as he called them, "his Majesty's sarv'nts," by a bounce.

"Fact, Sir; I don't say as much as that 'tis always done, but I know it be done by me;" —(I interrupt him to say I have ascertained that he spoke truth,)—"and these be the folk, Sir, what gets up into their pulpit, and talks a few cold words for ten good minutes or so, and then steps down again in their loyal livery, with a cambric handkerchief in their hand;" —(Had the critic ever read Cowper? or rather had the round-frocked preacher, who, doubtless, drew this picture for him?)—"and the best they say, Sir, finding fault with a poor man for buying a sup of brandy or hollands to give to his poor, dear sick wife, may be, without paying more taxes to the King;—hi, hi, Sir! I could tell you a joke about that, or something like it."

"Do then," I said; obviously, some pleasant conceit had put to flight, for the moment, the grave reasoning of the church reformer.

"'Tis this, Sir; Lilly White—have you ever heard tell of Lilly, Sir, since you came down here, among us?"

I admitted I had; giving the name of my informant, Mr. Moffit.

"Ah, old Mas'r Moff—I knowed as much, Sir, as that he and you might have had a little chat together—for, you see, Sir, you don't let people's tongues lie idle, when you 're within shot of 'em—and it 's as like as not that old Moff was about your very best man to tell a story or two of Lilly White"—(I had thought so, as you may remember, Graves)—"howsomever, that bayn't the whip now in hand, Sir; but here it be:—Dr. Bayley, you see, Sir—Doctor as they calls him—the tithe-parson of our parish; I 'll not say he 's one of the worst among 'em;—a quiet, good-natured man, Sir; of a portly size, and as sleek as a barn-mouse afore threshing-time—he and his saddle-horse, together, Sir—being both of a colour, into the bargain,—ay, and as thriving a double-chin, Sir, on the Doctor, as ever you'd wish to see;—I be blessed, after all, but if he was out of sarvice he 'd be what I calls a good 'un—but I 'm forgetting the shoe on the last, over again. Well, Sir, whenever he preaches what he thinks is an out-and-outer, do you know 'tis all against smuggling and smugglers; in particklar if he sees any of 'em near the pulpit; and so, Sir, one sabbath-day, seeing Lilly White at hand, the Doctor gave out the

best that was in him, and called the smugglers over, at a round rate; and it happened, after the church prayers and organ-singing, that, passing through the church-yard, he spies Lilly again, standing chatting with a neighbour or two; and 'Lilly, my friend,' says he, 'I hope you 'll be the better of what you heard to-day.' 'To be sure I will, Sir,' answers Lilly; 'only, to tell the truth, you frightened me a bit, one time when you growed so warm.' 'As how, Lilly?' asks the Doctor. 'Why, I be blessed, Sir, if I didn't think you were going to speak about them 'ere black silk stockings, what you and I knows something of,' says Lilly."

"A hit of Lilly's, indeed," I observed.

"It was Sir, now, warn't it? but it ain't for not *buying* the King's brandy, alone, Sir, instead of the free-trader's, that poor people be called over by the parsons; it be for *drinking* the King's brandy—or his gin, at least—after buying it, into the bargain, Sir; as if a poor man, of all men in the world, was never to spend a shilling of his own hard earnings, warming his heart, after a day's work; or supposing he forgot his-self, without meaning it, of an odd time—what then? Does nobody never

do the same thing, over their wines, at six or seven shillings a bottle (and who earns that, I should like to know ?) in their own fine houses, and in their neighbours' fine houses—ay, for that matter——"

He stopped, with his usual finesse of apostrophising his beasts ; I continued the sentence for him ; "for that matter, in the very fine house we are going to ?"

"You 've said it, Sir," assented Master Fox, nodding round to me, expressively : and so, as I hoped was to be the case, I gained the information he had refused to supply on the former day.

"But tell me," I resumed ; "look over these papers, and inform me which of them you like the best."

A shade of embarrassment crossed Master Fox's brow, as he replied, stooping to lay the whip gently on Miss Harriet's ribs—"you 'll look them over for me, won't you, Sir, this time, and I 'll be obleeged to you ?"

"Oh, you generally get some one to do the same friendly office for you, I dare say ?"

He did not contradict me ; and I paused to admire, dear Graves, the critic of the Book of Common Prayer, who could not read. And

then I went on to ask myself—is it alone the inspired influence of Mr. Boakes, which has estranged this little fellow from the established order of things, nay, seasoned his opposition with such severe, if not audacious hostility? and my answer was—No. What then? No matter, for the present. But, Graves, have you ever contemplated the numbers—I had almost said, the sufficient majority of the people, —take them of every sect, one with another—nay, do not omit even some of no religious sect at all—who are this moment fixed in a warfare (of opinion at least,) against the objects of Mas'r Fox's animadversion? Have you ever brought clearly before your mind, that our middle and our lower orders—nay, our absolutely illiterate—are those of whom the fewest go to uphold the aristocratic displays of good church-of-Englandism put forth in the parish churches, throughout the country, about once a year—upon Christmas day, for instance?—and if so, has your mind stopped working on the subject, just after having assured itself of such facts? I believe not. You have perhaps demanded of the probabilities of human nature some question as—Will dislike and contempt of the religion by law established never tend

to engender similar sentiments towards other things by law established? Dare to look the truth in the face. *Have no such results already followed?* Not that sectarianism has, of itself, put the poor and the struggling into the way of reasoning parallel cases; not that mere liberty of thinking and acting, on religious points, and nothing else, leads them into the same freedoms, touching matters distinct from saying their prayers. I do not mean so. I suppose, indeed, that—the one great chain of prostration of mind broken—they have been left prepared for what followed; or, if you like, for what is to follow; but, here also, I fear, they have been sorely tempted.

"And all this, with a Mas'r Fox for your text-book?" Nay, Graves. If I here faithfully report for you, word for word, as well as I can recollect it, the tirade of that eloquent and competent individual, it is—apart from his personal interest—to allow myself an opportunity of telling you, that such are the sentiments, differently expressed according to the different characters of my instructors, which I have been and am in the habit of hearing daily from almost all of the lower classes. Come among them, and talk to them whenever and

wherever you can, on the roads, in the fields, as well as under their own roof; gain their trust in you; or rather wile off their distrust of you as a better-clad and richer man (heaven bless the mark!) and then make your own conclusions. Often and often you have denied your assent to the supposition that the really rich—in the church as well as out of it—know little or nothing of the people of England: permit, however, the doubt again to be repeated: and further, permit it to be added, that that want of knowledge is as perilous as it is unlovely. Some delusions, you will say, as well as some neglect, have helped to create and to keep up their ignorance. I grant you.

But come. Should you not like to see with your eyes, and hear with your ears, a specimen of the men who, as far as they can go, have revolutionized the mind of Mas'r Fox, and hundreds of thousands of his class? To be sure you should. Accompany me, then, still passing over our visit to the magistrate, a week after the conversation I have transcribed for you, to Mr. Boakes's new chapel.

Upon my second return homeward from Lord Lintern's, with Fox, and in sight of that chapel, we met many anxious faces on the road. My

charioteer, claiming acquaintance with some of them, stopped to make inquiries. A very interesting fact, considering our late discussion, was communicated. That morning, an old preacher, much celebrated among Mr. Boakes's sect, had come from a distance, by invitation, to preach a charity sermon. The chapel was crowded. His wife, children, and not a few of *their* children, sat near the pulpit. He began his sermon, and enwrapt all his hearers. He proceeded a good way in it; when at a particular text—and, for the occasion, a most remarkable one—he swung suddenly round in the pulpit, fell heavily against its door, burst it open, tumbled headlong down its steps, and was taken up, dead.

Having heard this melancholy and startling tale, and resumed our way towards the village, I remarked to Fox, that I supposed the next Sunday would afford an excellent opportunity for hearing his favourite to advantage, inasmuch, I concluded, as standing in the same pulpit in which the old preacher had been so awfully struck dead, for the first time after the event, one might expect from Mr. Boakes an animated funeral oration, or at least, a sermon closely connected with the fate of his

so recent predecessor in his ministry. Master Fox agreed with my anticipations, though not spiritedly or convincingly; however, to the chapel I went, the following Sunday.

A second time we encountered Mr. Boakes, upon the road. He did not now look at us, however, with a reprehensive brow.

"And why does he not?" I asked.

"Because, you see, Sir," answered my friend, "he knows you and I be going to the chapel, to-day, and not on our pleasure, or any business that would break the sabbath, or to any other chapel but his own; though, I be blessed, Sir," continued Master Fox, plaintively, "'tisn't with sabbath breaking he has a right to tax me most."

"How is that? I mean, I am sure you seldom or never give him cause," I remarked, not knowing at first what to make of this ambiguous declaration.

"Ah, Sir, we bayn't all out-and-outers, like that 'ere gifted man," he continued, still sadly, and now I began to suspect, somewhat self-accusingly; for he sighed.

"Few of us, indeed, can boast exemption from the failings of mortality," I answered; sighing also.

"'Tis you, I believe, Sir; and that's why I say it ain't the sabbath breaking; Mr. Mutford——" here he bent round to me, confidentially in the extreme, and with great earnestness added, "I be blowed, and as I'm a living lad, earning my bread, Sir, I do think I have but one fault in me, that stands between me and Mr. Boakes, or any one else, not having 'lively hopes' of Jerry Fox."

Here I marked some of the conventional words of his brethren, and at the same time remembered the glance which had passed between him and the pretty, bold-looking girl, that day week: I replied quickly, "Courage; which of us is perfect? or of whom can we have such perfect hopes as of Mr. Boakes? But, that one little failing apart, what would be your hopes of yourself?"

"Pretty fairish, Sir," he replied, cheering up, and chirping to 'Polly, missis;' "pretty fairish."

"Morrow, Jane!" I called out, turning my head quickly, backward. He jerked on his seat, followed my eyes, and when he perceived that no Jane was in view, as, indeed, there had not been, and when he caught my glance and smile at him, I deemed I had never been

amused more utterly than by the expression of Mas'r Fox's face, settling itself, after one instantaneous struggle, into—

"I see you take me, Sir, and that my remorse and gravity be lost on you; ay, and that you be not going to be as hard on me, God bless you! as Mr. Boakes would be."

"But," I said, changing the subject, "perhaps there was another reason why Mr. Boakes did not get offended with you, just now, for driving your fly: he was driving his wife, I hope—that is, I suppose—I believe," (Mas'r Fox smiled again, with an indescribable "um—well!") "in his own gig."

"To be sure, Sir—to chapel; like me, driving you."

"But he could walk, and so could we. Had he that gig, pray, when he used to preach, out in the air, in the marshes?"

"No, Sir, nor the wife, either;" answered my oracle, beginning to chime in with my vein, though he had not now the courage to look at me.

"We need not add, nor the chapel, either," I resumed. "Tell me; what was he then, besides the best preacher you ever heard?"

"He used to live with a farmer, in the next parish, Sir, before that," said Fox, shyly.

"And did he get a little money with his wife?"

"Oh, Sir, a little, I believe; and she was a bit older as well as a bit richer than him," he added in a whisper, as we gained the chapel-door.

It was a small, plain building, stuffed with people, and reeking with heat. There was no seat visible for me, as I entered; but Fox caught the eye of a man who seemed appointed to preside over the arrangements, beckoned to him, pointing sideways at me, and I was soon placed within an open area surrounding the pulpit, upon a form shared by other favoured individuals. Every window was thrown up in the vain hope of gaining a breath of cool air, from the sultry and breezeless day which reigned without; and even a trap-door in the middle of the ceiling of the chapel had been removed for the purpose of ventilation—after a glance at which I learned that Mr. Boakes's hay-loft was overhead; some whisps of hay having streamed downward inquisitively, at the corners of the black aperture.

My eyes strayed modestly round the chapel;

it was filled, partly with persons of the humblest rank of life, partly with those who hang loosely on the skirts of the middle orders; a thriving shop-keeper, and a popular brewer, as I afterwards learned from Master Fox, were the only aristocrats of the congregation:—the majority of their brethren being in attendance at—the parish church?—no; but at the chapels of other and more "respectable" sectarians.

We awaited some time the beginning of the service. At length Mr. Boakes issued through a private door into the area where I sat, leading an elderly female, in deep mourning, by the hand. This was the widow of the old preacher who had died the Sunday before. Her sons and daughters, and some grand-children, also habited in mourning, followed her. She and they were placed on a form before me, by Mr. Boakes, and then that individual slowly mounted to his pulpit, or reading-desk. I need not tell you that he wore no ecclesiastical trappings whatever over his rotund person and broad shoulders; but it is worth noticing, that a simpering smile glistened, along with its "melting mood," induced by the great heat, over his broad, plump, sallow, black-bearded visage, instead of the profound solemnity, if not

sorrow, which, considering the occasion, I had simply conjectured would be its expression. But I was to learn more, on this subject.

I think the service commenced with a hymn, given out by him, and most execrably nose-twanged, before the congregation took it up, by the clerk who sat under the pulpit—a little man of about forty-five, wearing a very inartificial light-brown wig, and a face, with an affectation of sectarian village piety upon it, the very caricature of the veriest caricatures I had ever seen of his office. He stood up, while he burlesqued the beautiful simplicity of the verses, holding his neck so stiff, and his nostrils so elevated, and closing his eyes with such immeasurable absurdity, that, were I near him, at a convenient time, I could have snatched that prim wig from its block, and stuffed the wretched sounds down his throat with it, until he should open those calf's eyes, and look natural, even in fright. It was beyond my possible anticipations. Some popular farce-actor, —Liston, I believe,—has been said to have discovered his forte, at rather an advanced period of life, by his boys (he was then a schoolmaster) laughing at him, spite of their fears of him, while he declaimed Brutus's harangue upon the death

of Cæsar. It is then possible, that in the person of this hideous chapel-clerk, we may yet have his rival on the stage.

But, Mr. Boakes. He sat back in his pulpit during the hymn, one of his gigantic fists resting upon, I presumed, an open Bible, the largest volume, I think, I had ever seen; and still he simpered: and, Graves, imagine that simper on that face, almost as huge and as black as an ox's. There was silence, and he arose to pray an extempore prayer. I proceed in no levity of spirit, dear Richard,—God knows I do not,—against pious observances and endeavours in any sect, or in any human being; but if I find such a man as is now before me, audaciously usurping a place, in the faces of Heaven and of man, for which he must even *know* he is incalculably unfitted, shall I hesitate—recollecting, too, his gig and his wife—to paint his portrait faithfully? When I call to mind that, from the place he has thus intruded into, he wields, owing to unfortunate circumstances and facilities, a dangerous power over the happiness, the good, the morals and the manners of his humbugged followers,—should I hesitate? When those who ought to be well acquainted with the original, and are not, may gain some

hints from my picture—am I not called upon to exhibit it? And lastly, if a wight like this, ridicules, beyond the powers of easy comprehension, unless you had been by my side—piety and all appertaining to it—in the name of offended decency, why should I spare him?

I do not intend to do so. I write down, plainly, that his extempore prayer was deliberate insult to its Object; and what must it have been to the unenlightened and vague minds of his hearers?—Good language, tolerable composition, I expected not, and therefore was contented to go without. But its clownish confidence—its taking-for-grantedness—its ask-and-have spirit—its low and pert familiarity with God—and, above all, its exclusiveness—its measuring out of unmeasured and immeasurable love and mercy—ay, to the disciples of Mr. Boakes alone—and the whole delivered with the accompaniments of a still simpering visage, a pair of dull, over-fed, blinking grey eyes, two clumsy arms, now and then extended on terms of "hail-fellow-well-met," and an up-and-down, fire-side conversational tone of voice—none of this did I expect, none of it could I have expected; and with any of it could I have been contented?

He sat down, as much at his ease as if he had but asked his wife to prepare him something nice for dinner. Singing was resumed. He arose a second time to preach: he preached two hours and one quarter—as I am a credible man, he did; and not till within a few moments of his close, were the slightest allusions made to the event of the previous Sunday, to the families of mourners under his pulpit,—in fact, to the hearts of his congregation. Having the grandest occasion that the haps of human life can present for taming, first, and afterwards filling with hope, the rebel nature of man, he permitted it to pass him by, as if it were unworthy of a moment's notice. Can *you* understand the drift of this—the stolid affectation, or the mistaken etiquette, or the inverted sensibility? *I* cannot; though Master Fox afterwards carelessly told me, in answer to my questions on the point, "'tis their way, Sir; they don't like talking of the departed. I be blessed, Sir, if they do."

But what, then, was Mr. Boakes's sermon about? I venture to reply, that with respect to what he intended it to be about,—if you allow his roaming mind an intention,—I don't know; no, nor any one who heard him, either. A

muddy river, (though the comparison is rather old,) always slow, yet always flowing on, and sometimes turbid, even in its sloth, and for ever hiding its own bottom—that would be like it. I bent my mind, nay my heart, to comprehend, and if possible to profit by it; I did, indeed, Graves, sincerely and humbly; and it is in the same deliberate candour I add, that if the religious *feelings*, not to say *creeds*, of the poorer classes, are to depend upon such teachers as this thriving Boakes, religion will fast disappear from the land.

For, though I disclaim the capability of following or fathoming the troubled stream of his eloquence, I was able, now and then, to catch at a bubble or a straw on its surface, which warrants me in making the last assertion. Upon every available occasion he sneered, till his poor hearers sneered again, at the objects of Master Fox's raillery and contempt; and, most certainly, after eradicating from the immatured minds around him, all former guides and stays, he did not even affect to give them any guidance or stay, in return. On the contrary, incredible as it may appear, he told them in so many words, not to place the slightest reliance on any thing he himself had been saying, or was saying,

or might say; but go home, with independent minds, and read and grow perfect of their own accords. Why did he stay talking in that pulpit, then, for two hours and a quarter? What brought him there? or what right had he to his new chapel, new house, and gig—wife I leave out of the question, as an achievement he might have compassed in his round frock, while working in the farmer's fields, even before he issued forth into the marshes. And—go home, with independent minds, and read, and so forth—how many of them?—or, supposing all could read, at home, and read themselves, each, into independent notions, at home; why not stay at home? Notions independent of his, must differ from his; ay, and from those of every one else; and where would he be then? In his pulpit still, if you like; but with what number of hearers? The head of beef! is not his plan (plan!) this; a community of preachers, without a listener, each growing hoarse unto his own bare walls; and worse than that, each primed with enough "independence," (Oh, the burlesqued word,) to——

But forgive me, dear Graves, I *do* harangue out of measure. Lay it to the account of constitution, if not some other thing; and do half

admit, in the mean time, that if such a man as Boakes is more an object of smiles than of argument, the cunning zealot may do more harm than even himself can be aware of. Other occasional sentences I carried away with me. At the very moment he inculcated free and unbridled thinking (thinking!) upon every mind — (mind!)—what say you to his doctrine of a "particklar salvation?" And then, under cover of such jumbled cant, as "justifying grace," he assured every person who heard him, smiling tranquilly all the time, that, after a certain probation, no man "of God's true church," (*his* congregation) could do a sin. Acts, indeed, *which would be sins in others*, he might fall into afterwards, during his sojourn upon earth, in the unglorified livery of the flesh; but, as sins, they were not counted against *him*. And now, I shall say no more, only ask you to calculate the effects of that precious doctrine upon such an audience, after first urging every individual to read for himself, and then leaving all the sole judges of their own arrival at the point of "justifying grace."

But I must glance at the only allusions which he vouchsafed to the absorbing topic of interest

for the day. He had drawn a blurred outline of future happiness, attained at a jump out of his spiritualized state in this life; and thus, I think, he continued,—(do not forget his voice, face, and action, while you read:)--

"As for my brother, as all of us have such reasons to think well of, him as spoke last to you from this place; and as for our sisters and our brethren as he has left behind him," (motioning down to them,) "why, what of him or them? Sure they know, as well as you or I, that he has only gone—only gone,"—(here he put out his arms in his usual indifferent manner, allowed his face to simper very much, dropped his tones into convincing familiarity and easiness, and elevated coldly his great fat eyes,)—"pho!—only gone, I say, a little time before them to—to another place, and a better place; surely the separation is nothing,—just call it some place a little way up,—in fact, up,"—(pausing an instant, for an illustration that would come home to the homeliest mind,)—"why, see,—up to the place overhead;"—and here he fixed his glance on the open trap-door in the ceiling of the chapel, and thither all other eyes followed his, looking, I imagined, as if they half-expected to see the gray head of

the old preacher nodding down assuringly at them, from amid the scattered festoonings of Mr. Boakes's hay.

"Pho!" he resumed, "what do I speak of? I knew our brother well, and am sure of him. It was but a few months ago that I called on him, when he was poorly for a time, though that wore off; and now you 'll know from what I say, that he was sure of himself into the bargain. 'Well,' I asked him, 'and what be your hopes, now?'—'Tut!' he answered me, laughing a little, while he coughed, 'quite right and comfortable, quite packed up and ready, waiting for God's coach!'"

And these, Graves, are specimens of the free and easy style of expounding doctrine, upon which such apostles pride themselves in addressing the ready-made inspired.

Too much of this; much too much. Indeed, in looking over what I have written since the evening of our arrival at the Anchor, I decree it unfit for your perusal as it stands, dear Graves; and so, I will either copy out parts of it for you, from time to time, or else condense and remodel it altogether. My own warmth sometimes,

and sometimes my petty details and wretched allusions, sicken me; I believe I foresaw that the latter would inconvenience you. What have you to do with our lodging adventures, and our miserable two guineas a week? or with my idle declamation on passing occurrences or characters? or with my poor-man sneers at a viscount? When you asked for people or incidents, you did not ask for that. Besides, though I owe you fullest confidence, and, as this journal proves, feel inclined to give it, *bienséance* whispers me, that for many reasons I ought to suppress all farther allusions to my father's purse and my own;—*bienséance*, say I, —moodiness, say you. Well, I 'm not going to argue it with you; but for the present, certainly, "the journal" must not go as it is. Some future day, when temporary annoyances have been passed by,—*or shall be passed*, at any rate,—every word I have here penned may meet your eye; and then you will judge as leniently as you can of my inconsistency.

Meantime, from the present moment I will go on in such a way as I need not have cause to repent; that is, every word I shall henceforward write, you shall read; that is, if I can.

Now, my magistrate at last, and in good earnest.

Bessy and I,—(I am more sorry than I can say, that she was with me; you may guess why as I go on; though perhaps not; and, after all, only see reason to accuse me of a new fit of the fidgets,)—we were ushered through a noble hall into a library. (I *will* tell you something that hurt me, tingled through me to the quick of my nails, before we arrived at the house, —ay, although I 'm sure of your laugh at me, —that little crabbed monkey, Fox, *after all our confidential discussion*, asked me which door he should drive up to, the hall-door or the door at the rear?)

The magistrate evidently awaited us in his morocco chair. To my bow and poor Bessy's *triste* obeisance he made very little return; he shifted his position as he sat, that was all. I believe I looked at him after this, not coolly enough to sketch his likeness. And yet you will imagine a man of between sixty and seventy; tall, emaciated, with sunken cheeks, yellow dried-up skin on them, small grey eyes, cold and yet glittering, a long thin nose, and a very narrow slit for a mouth; hardness, energy, self-opinion, and a sense of power, the

instantaneous impression upon you of all you behold.

"I have called on magisterial business, my Lord," I began, while as yet he had not invited even Bessy to be seated.

"I know that, Sir," he said.

I suppose I stared, and then I handed a chair to Bessy and took another by her side, before I continued: the tears were in my dear little sister's eyes.

"The nature of the business?" he resumed.

"You shall hear it."

I did not "Lord" him this time, but entered upon my case, and stated it briefly but distinctly. He comprehended it rapidly; and, indeed, there was abundant intellect upon his high, bald, shrivelled, and cross-wrinkled forehead.

"Your only view in coming here," he said, after I had done speaking, "must be to swear informations against your landlord for an assault, or rather a construed assault upon your own person."

"I wish to observe," I began:—he interrupted me. "Pray, let me speak. I, as a magistrate, have nothing to do with the trespass you say he has committed on your premises."

"I am lawyer enough to be aware of that," I observed; "the attorney, not the magistrate, would be my adviser, had I proposed to indict the old man; but I decline any such thing; he is, indeed, too old, and too infirm, and too irascible, to bear the agitation of law proceedings; and as our object is self-protection, rather than vengeance—"

"You come before me to swear an assault against him, as I have said already? But would there be no vengeance in that course? Particularly when the assault exists in law only, and not at all in fact; for you have said that he merely raised his crutch, or his stick over your head?"

"When you are quite at leisure to hear me explain my real views,—why, then, you will comprehend them—my lord," I said, bitterly, like a fool.

"Go on, go on, Sir."

"I do not come before you to prosecute for an assault."

"No! then, why come at all?"

"In the expectation that, as we are strangers in your county, and one of us, my father, in bad health, and my sister, here, in dread of our

absurd old tormentor — a magistrate, in the spirit of a peace-maker, if not exactly in the discharge of his duties, might remonstrate with this Mr. Wiggins, and by his influence——"

"Waste of time to us both, Sir: I could do you no good, even were such a step advisable; I have no influence over the man; he is not even a tenant of mine; and——now George,"—here he was interrupted by the entrance of a tall young lad of about twenty, with a stolid though handsome expression of face, a nose even longer than his father's, and a sufficient portion, in his manner and air, of that dry, pithless, graceless reserve, which in a good many of his rank and about his age, who have not travelled, would fain pass for superciliousness. Two large sporting dogs followed him into the room, and he carried a long coachman's whip in his hand. Did he smell of the stable? I thought so, but will not be positive.

"Didn't hear you were engaged," he said, indifferently, by way of answer to his father's challenge; and then deliberately shutting the library door, he strode across the apartment, and took a chair; his fine animal eyes,—not

even noticing me,—fixed, all the while, with a dead, insolent stare, upon Bessy's very beautiful Leonardo da Vinci face.

The Viscount magistrate was about to resume his judgment on my case, when loud, impassioned voices reached us from the lawn before the hall door, at which he started anxiously and impatiently, and turned round to look out at the window; and even his son showed as much interest as to remove his eyes from poor Bessy, and revolve them in the same direction.

It was only necessary for me to gaze straight on before me, to see as much as they did. In the middle of the lawn, another young man was struggling in the hands of a mean-looking person, who seemed to exert all his strength to keep him fixed to the spot, while both spoke in the highest tone, although their words did not reach us. At the instant my eye caught them, a third person, also of a mean appearance, issued from a solid-built little edifice—it seemed like a green-house—to one side, at the skirt of the lawn, and ran towards the combatants; and at sight of him, the young gentleman appeared to redouble his efforts for liberty, and

was successful; his antagonist, if so I may call him, swung round, and fell, and he bounded, deer-like, towards the house.

"Good heaven, George!" cried Lord Lintern, starting up from his magisterial chair, and shaking in every limb—"hasten! quick! and see about this."

The young honourable, somewhat moved, too, though under perfect self-command, was hastening himself to obey this injunction, when hurried steps were heard in the hall; the library-door opened—flew open—and the object of Lord Lintern's interest, stood before us.

I never saw so peculiarly striking a person; very young—though I cannot venture to define his exact age—of a good height; slight, and even too slight, yet not emaciated; of a noble carriage, Nature's evident gift, rather than the dancing-master's, or the drill-serjeant's;—a visage and features full of strong if not high character, though the one was very pale, and dragged with care, or passion, or harassing, or deep experience of some kind; and the others—the chin, nose, and mouth—sharpened; while the black eyes glistened and flared, and shot out, spark after spark, a devouring excitement.

He bounded in, and faced Lord Lintern, trembling, panting, and seemingly bursting with some vehement appeal he was about to make: he wore no hat; and the heaps of black curling tresses on his fine head, shook with the strength of his emotions. The Honourable George Allan —such, I have learned, is the family name of the Viscount—had stepped back at his entrance, and yielded him ready place and predominance. A second had scarce elapsed, when he began to speak, in a shrill, though sometimes hoarse voice.

"So, Sir! or, so, my Lord! I meet you again, face to face!—face to face, to go on with our last interrupted explanation! ay, after all your measures to keep us asunder, and to deny that explanation! after all——"

"Leave the room, Sir!" interrupted the old magistrate, advancing upon him—"silence, and leave the room!" and he motioned with his arm, as if partly to enforce his command.

"Have a care!" screamed the intruder, starting a step backward, locking the door and securing the key—"do not *you* lay a hand upon my body;—forget yourself so far—add that to the rest — do, and by earth and heaven——"

"Monster!" Lord Lintern's cadences now rivalled his—"Monster! and no son of mine!" —My blood curdled; noise was heard at the locked door.

"Monster, you! and not my father — or not a father to me!" reiterated the wretched youth.

"Give way—out of the way!" resumed the as wretched parent, approaching the door, and he caught one of his son's arms.

"Not till we speak more!"—and the son seized one of his.

Persons abroad here seemed to use force to open the door; the uproar and horror of the scene grew excessive; but a new incident calmed, in a degree, every thing, and every body. Bessy, who had arisen in a fright, and clung to me, shrieked and fainted. The shriek operated on the young man like the sound of a trumpet on a war-horse; he jumped round from his father to her; and the sight of her then seemed to work him like a spell. I thought I read in his deep and astonishing looks, along with the utmost surprize—for surely he had not observed us before—compassion for her insensible and helpless appearance, self-reproval for having occasioned it, and, I fear—(though

why that word) great admiration of my poor sister's personal charms.

"Who is this? what's this?" he asked, as if unconsciously, almost in a whisper.

"Your violence has frightened the young lady, almost to death, as you see," said his father, also speaking in a comparatively subdued tone; "and you will not now refuse, I am sure, to open the door, and leave the room, and go——"

"Where?" demanded the other, bending a look upon him.

"Up stairs, up stairs, with George,"—recollection of the observation of strangers, induced by Bessy's startling interruption of their strange and revolting contest, had doubtless brought the father to his senses; "and there, I give you my promise, we shall speak as much and as long as you have need for—Do you consent?—you must, if only for the young person's sake; she wants air, and help."

The youth, who had again fixed his regards on Bessy, as she hung on my arm, suddenly drew the key of the door from his pocket, laid his hand on the lock, hesitated an instant, and asked—"I go without interruption?"

"Certainly; leave the door and the hall

free, whoever is there," answered his father, to the persons without. The intruder immediately turned the key; but before he left the room, approached me and said, in tones of perfect sweetness, though they were exhausted: "To you, Sir, as the protector of this lady, whoever you are, I offer my sincere apologies for having caused her such distress;" and once more he gazed intently on Bessy's face, and as he at length went out at the door, with his brother, I could hear him whisper—"George, who are they?"

At his preparations to depart, Lord Lintern had rung his bell, and we and the Viscount were scarce alone again, when a servant appeared, and quickly returned, at his master's order, with water and wine. My sister had now begun to come to herself, however, without any restoratives; and I only offered her a sip of water, and then was bearing her towards our fly, with little leave-taking, when his Lordship addressed me.

"I regret it much—I trust your sister will not be the worse of it, Sir: is she quite able to be removed?"

"Yes, quite; and the open air and the ride will do her good."

"Very sorry, indeed——" I had now conveyed Bessy into the hall—"and as to your affair of business, Sir, I have heard what you had to say, and you have heard all I can say; your landlord would pay no attention to any remonstrance of mine—I know a little of his character, upon report: were he a tenant or a dependant of mine, indeed—but as it is, being quite *in*dependent of me, he would turn on his heel and disregard me—so——"

He had stopped in the middle of the hall; I had proceeded on through the open hall-door, down the steps, into the fly, with Bessy; and at his last words, Master Fox, twice stimulated by my command, whipped Polly and Harret, and with a formal inclination of the head on both sides, the Viscount and I lost sight of each other.

The fresh air and the ride *did* produce a good effect on my poor Bessy, thanks, or rather no thanks, to his Lordship. For some time after her perfect restoration to her senses, she was silent, abstracted, and infectiously sad. Then, broken comments upon the scene which she had witnessed, escaped her; and her pure and simple heart sent out expressions of the greatest wonder, that a father and son could so meet, and so speak and act towards one

another; and her pity for the son was to me the most interesting, though the least agreeable part of her observations. She was sure he had been ill-treated, in some way or other; she was sure, wicked as he had appeared, people had made him so; she was sure if he had another father—such a father as she had—that he would be a good son; and when I merely asked Bessy how could she tell that? Bessy reddened, and agreed that, indeed, she could not tell it, exactly.

Master Fox seemed awe-stricken, and quite tamed into silence, from the effect of such passages of the transaction as had come under his notice, while he stood with his fly and steeds near the fine hall-door. I did not try to draw him into conversation till we met the people coming out of the chapel, after the sudden death of the old preacher. My mind was sufficiently engaged to spare him. Under all the excitement of the domestic quarrel I had seen, I certainly could not help saying to myself,—and so, because Mr. Wiggins is independent of Lord Lintern — after happening to be too old and too sickly for taking vengeance on him—and because my father and my sister and I are strangers here, and poor ones,—we must let

him come poking his head, and croaking like a mad and aged raven, into our window again ?—To be sure; or how could one call it free and independent England ?"

As to my afternoon's adventure, like Bessy, I pondered, and wondered, and was mystified, in my own way; and the last and most considerable of my wonderings was—" Am I ever to see or hear of any of those strange people again ?"

Good news this morning, dear Graves. A letter from the manager: " Harold" accepted with high eulogiums; the two great tragedians equally pleased with the parts assigned to them—they, who scarce ever before could be got to accept parts in the same play,—in any, ancient or modern; and rehearsals to be commenced very soon. The tidings have pleased, and a little cheered my dear father, and Bessy opens her lustrous, lash-fringed eyes, and smiles in a sort of personal vanity, I believe. I am invited, urged indeed, to run up to town, to be present at one or two rehearsals; you also think that I ought to do so; and I believe I will, and accept, into the bargain, your offer of

your chambers, with little Joey's services as a body-man, while you are on circuit. And at the same time I can escort Bessy to pay a long-requested visit to her old London boarding-school mistress, who, it seems, is much in love with her—no wonder, for she has seen her, and become acquainted with her. Poor Bessy resists the arrangement as vigorously as she can, on account of my father's state of health ; but my father presses her, in order that she may have a week's amusement; and as he mends a little, I say nothing to keep her at home; particularly as *I* shall not be more than a few days absent from him.

Dear little Bessy ! I am rather uneasy about her. Since our visit to Lord Lintern's she has not been herself. She droops, fidgets, cogitates, and looks pale and red by turns, and is oftener out walking, in lonesome places, either alone, or attended by a follower whom I do not much like—our maid-servant. These are curious domestic details for your eye, but I have always so talked to you, and you to me; and this moment the talking fit is on me. And by the way, why don't I like Lucy, our maid? I cannot say, but I do not. There is a kind of village mystery of manner about the girl. A

cleverness, kept down, I fear; more experience than she pretends to: sectarian prudishness (for, before now, she lived with Mr. Boakes) not always hiding the old leaven, or else the first out-breakings of a different character; all this, to my observation, is in her, or about her. She seems, too, a creature of few or none of the attachments of the heart: one who has never experienced them, and who is not likely ever to feel them; although this can scarce be considered as her fault; for she is a workhouse girl, brought up and sent out by the parish, unclaimed by father or mother, or a single relation, and "kept right," that is, overseen by the overseer, whom, although she constrains herself to call him her friend, I know she hates rancorously. Indeed, whenever I have questioned her about any of her old parish governors or governesses, Lucy's utmost caution and self-control were not sufficient to hinder me from seeing that she disliked them all, and was any thing but grateful for the humiliating, the matter of course, and despotic benefactions received at their hands. Do poor creatures brought up like her generally feel otherwise? or do they come out into the world with opened and awakened hearts? But

I am getting once more into my theories. So, I shall only say that here you have all my whimsies for not liking Bessy's attendant. Yes—there is another. I have found her talking on the road near our house with the honourable master, who condescended to abase his stolid eyes, a few days ago, upon my sister, in his father's lordly mansion—I mean the young knight of the whip, and the sporting dogs. And the youth has since often rode up and down by our windows: and once, when I mentioned both circumstances to Bessy, she was embarrassed. I recollect, too, that while we spoke, the other day, of the comparative merits of the two brothers, Bessy, in another quandary, admitted that although she had much pitied the violent young man, his junior put forth most personal claims on our notice.

Admitted it, I say? what a word! Does it include the shadow of a doubt of the prudence and good sense of my dear sister? Not the shade of a shadow! No, not as much as would hint to me to abridge a hair's breadth her liberty in the frequent walks she had lately chosen to indulge in. So far as the affair of that visit to the noble magistrate may affect her present moodiness, doubtless she only feels

a continuance of the shock and the revulsion then experienced by her delicate nature. And yet——

And yet, Graves, some pages I have here penned, must make (after all my promises to the contrary) a part of the portion of the journal which shall not for the present be sent to you.

For want of any thing better to scribble about, listen to our domiciliary proceedings after parting from Mr. Wiggins.

Part from him we did, and from his wife, and from his cob, and from his two gardens, back and front, and from every thing that was his, the morning after my unsatisfactory appeal to my neighbour, Lord Lintern. And to the Anchor we repaired for a few days, where Mr. Moffit again shone upon us. And at length Bessy and I spied out the abode, still more remote than our last, from the sea-houses, where we at present sojourn.

It is a little half-wooden building, containing two sitting-rooms, four bed-chambers, and a kitchen, and it, also, has gardens! to the front and to the rear. Notwithstanding a good deal

of creditable contrivance, and brushing, and scrubbing, and polishing, the furniture in it cannot have cost our landlady one hundred and fifty pounds; for, obviously, she has picked it up, here and there, and any where but in an upholsterer's ware-room. You shall see my view, presently, in saying so much. After my critical observation of chairs and tables, I was curious enough to ascertain what amount of rent and taxes our new proprietress paid. I found that both did not exceed thirty pounds per annum. Very good. Join to that, the yearly interest of one hundred and fifty pounds for furniture—not at the rate of four, five, or even ten per cent, but, if you like, at the rate of twenty per cent—quite as much, in all conscience, as a Jewess (though our landlady is not one) could fairly ask you for money laid out, but not sunk. That gives another thirty pounds a year. Rent and taxes, then, and the interest of her furniture-money (at twenty per cent) make sixty pounds per annum. Now, what has she asked, and what is she paid, for her furnished house? what additional profit does she require on her furniture? Twenty yearly pounds more? What say you to forty —what say you to sixty yearly pounds more?

It is the fact. She asks, and insists upon, and gets, and in the present exaggerated state of things can and will get, that unnatural, usurious—worse than usurious—dishonest profit. By incurring a responsibility of thirty pounds a year to her landlord, the King, the parson and the parish, and by laying out at interest, one hundred and fifty pounds, of which the maximum rational yieldings ought to be no more than fifteen pounds a year—and so we must reckon them—this excellent lady contrives to ensure to herself an absolute "independence" of seventy-five pounds a year. But then, the village butcher must be paid London prices by her, eight-pence and nine-pence a pound for beef, mutton and veal—to be sure he must, or how could *he* keep two horses, and a cart, to send his boys galloping about the green lanes upon or in, (how disreputable if the steak-fed fellows walked!) and a gig and horse, at least, for himself and wife, on Sundays? or how could he give his daughter ten thousand for her marriage portion? To be sure. And Miss Sutton, our landlady, must she not also dress as well as the squire's lady, having not a shilling in the world but what she makes of her "furnished house," and keep company with the

rich brewer's wife; ay, and leave her native village,—too retired for her taste, during the season—to visit some more brilliant "watering place"? Why not.

One word more of her, to satisfy your often expressed cravings.

With many excuses she prayed us, as we had hurried her so much, to allow a town-friend of hers—though once an old neighbour—to spend the evening with her, after we took possession of the "house;" and we were very reluctantly compelled to sit half an hour at her tea-table. The two friends chatted agreeably over many ancient recollections, and now and then upon religious topics:—and while I knew that neither could write a legible hand, or spell a line correctly, or read even their Bible without blundering and stammering,—as I am an accountable agent, I heard one surmise that, of late, she had considered the divinity of the Redeemer with more than usual independence of mind, to get at the truth, and she could no longer bring herself to think him any thing more than man—though "she didn't deny, a very good man"—and the other conscientiously and modestly hesitated a little, and sipped her tea, and broke a morsel of her biscuit, and

declared that she, too, had thought of the matter in a very independent, truth-seeking spirit, but, as yet she could not make herself sure that he might not be something more than merely one of themselves——: upon which, superstition was objected to her, in a friendly, anxious way; and it was hoped that she did not continue so wretchedly unassisted as to go kneel down at the table for the parson's bread and wine—and"—

But you have enough, dear Graves. Make your own comments on this veritable anecdote.

At last, dear Graves, after leaving the journal to its repose for a few more jejune days, something has occurred worth noting down for you. Poor Mas'r Moffit!——but I must be methodical.

The fishermen here call the boats which go out to take crabs, horse-boats, or horsers. As I walked along the shingles, at the back of the sea-houses, the other morning, I descried many of these making for shore. It was about five o'clock. I had been very gravely pondering nothing at all; the shingles were almost deserted; the little incident aroused my interest,

and I walked towards the point where I knew the boats would land, just to gape at fishermen who had been out all night, (at least,) and at crabs, fresh-taken, and all alive, fighting and kicking with one another at the bottom of the boats, and wrenching one another's claws off.

Passing by the rear of the Anchor, I encountered my old friend Moffit, issuing from the Inn by a back door. We graciously exchanged salutations. I spoke of the horsers, and said I was going to see them come in. He observed, that, having little better to do, he had the same intention. I began to suspect him of a disloyal purpose, and asked if it ever happened that a lugger met with a horser, during the night? He looked too much appealed to, and with much grave earnestness, assured me the thing was impossible. We continued our walk, conversing in a very friendly way.

Some of the boats had run in upon the shingles, as we gained the accustomed touching-point. We stood at one side of a buttress which had been built against a wall near to the shingles, and which, at high tides, often bore a buffet from the breakers. I wondered that the blockade-man, nearest at hand, had not come up, to begin his usual visitation of the

horsers. Mr. Moffit gave an expressive, though a timid "hem!" and glanced sideways; at the same moment I heard a surly, subdued laugh near us, and following his eye, saw the legs of the individual of whom I had spoken, protruding at the other side of the buttress, while he lolled with his back against the wall; and the next moment the man strode to the boats, and entering one, began his prescribed task of searching for contraband articles.

We saw him disappear successively into the confined and smoky holds of more than one boat, when my companion gently declared that he would step aboard the first which the man-of-war's man had visited, and "look up" a good crab or two, for the Anchor. Accordingly, wishing me most politely a good morning, he crawled into the horser, and, I noted, after regarding and handling a few of the fish, vanished into the hold.

I stood where I was. The blockade-man—a young, ill-favoured, passionate-looking fellow—soon appeared on the edge of the last boat he had had to search, and prepared, his business done, to jump on the shingles. Previous to making his spring, however, he glanced at me, and, I thought—and doubtless I was right—

not seeing Mr. Moffit at my side, a cloud of suspicion gathered on his heavy, fleshy forehead. Then he looked round him, at the boats, and a second time went down into the hold of one of them.

But not into the right one. Mr. Moffit's head now popped up from its own hold, and turning observantly in all directions, finally encouraged its body and limbs to follow it. Shortly afterwards he gained the land, and, not seeing me, or pretending not to see me, walked with his hands behind his back, in his usual grave and modest pace, towards the Anchor. As I looked after him, I heard a voice cry "Stop!" It was the blockade-man who spoke, once more preparing to jump ashore. My poor friend either did not or would not hear, or else imagined the command had not been intended for him. Again he was challenged, and his challenger hurried after him. I followed; and a tall, broad-chested, athletic lad, dressed in the flannel jacket and waistcoat which denote a working carpenter, walked on at my side.

Mr. Moffit at length stood still, innocently and inquiringly.

"What have you got in your coat-pockets, Master?" demanded the man of power.

"Crabs, I protest," answered Moffit, with an appearance of perfect candour.

"Let 's see them."

"To be sure;—there 's one, and there 's another;" drawing one from either pocket.

"Any more?"

"No, I assure you, Sir."

"Something else, then;" and the blockade-man advanced to feel. Old Moffit stepped back, remonstrating, but still not put out of countenance.

"Don't pull the old boy about so," said the young carpenter.

"Best not interfere, you," growled the man-of-war's-man, seizing the waiter of the Anchor.

"Run, Mas'r Moffit!" exhorted his ally.

"Stand! you and he, both!" and the braved guardian of the coast collared the operative.

"Now, then, run!" cried the latter, catching the sailor in his arms. While they struggled, Master Moffit certainly endeavoured to stride away. The blockade-man freed an arm, drew a pistol, and calling out—"Back at your peril!" presented it at his young antagonist. I saw a hostile and resolute frown on the lad's brow, and a knitting motion of his right hand, as they glared an instant at one another; but prudence,

and perhaps, a hope that Moffit might escape, taught him better, and with a flout, and—"pho—what a fuss about nothing!" he gave over his opposition. Then the pursuer was hot in the fugitive's track, still calling out to him to stop. But he was not obeyed; and then I saw smoke and fire, and heard the sharp report of his pistol, baffled by the boom of the sea, and Moffit staggered upon the shingles, and fell. I ran towards him. The blockade-man had come up before me: he knelt on one knee, and was certainly drawing out of the contested pockets, sundry small rolls of tobacco. The old man lay motionless upon his face. His captor turned him up; blood came freely from his left breast; the ball had passed through him, and he was quite dead.

Hasty, though low, expressions of, I believe, consternation and regret, escaped his slayer; indeed, I am sure the young man-of-war's man had but yielded to a hasty and ill-tempered impulse when he pulled the trigger of his pistol. I unconsciously echoed his ejaculations, and he looked up into my face, with a conscience-stricken expression of eye, still kneeling over the dead body. The carpenter's voice sounded at our backs.

"There—you've done it," he said.

We both turned to observe him. His formerly ruddy visage was pale, and his comely features worked with a bad manifestation of rising passion. "Yes," he continued, speaking slowly through his teeth, while I thought he was preparing to spring on the blockade-man, "that's your morning's work. You have taken the life of an old man, and the best-liked among us, for the value of as much chaw-weed as would save him his Sunday half-pence. Here, lads," turning to a crowd of fishermen, and other villagers, men, women, and children, who ran up to the spot, "here's poor Mas'r Moffit shot through by a man-of-war's man!"

Exclamations from the fishermen, and groans and shrieks from their wives and daughters, and children, answered this announcement; and frowning and enraged faces began to close round the offender. He saw his danger, and sprang up from his knee.

"Stop, in your turn!" cried the carpenter-lad, striking him to the shingles again; and he was immediately seized by three or four, and hurried into the midst of the angry crowd.

What were their intentions towards him I cannot say; perhaps they did not themselves

know at the moment. But they were huddling him off, amid curses and revilings, when a number of his comrades, detached from the next tower and headed by a Lieutenant, appeared running down some rude steps near the buttress, of which I have before spoken; while two or three others, sentinels along the coast, also hurried to the scene of dispute.

The Lieutenant's voice was heard commanding the people to desist, and yield up their prisoner. He was not to appearance a favourable specimen of, generally speaking, the gallant and gentlemanlike officers of the British navy. Though not, perhaps, more than forty, his person was corpulent; and his coarse face, and especially his nose, hinted frequent intercourse with the brandy-bottle. I will not vouch that he was quite sober that moment; certainly he was not cool and temperate enough for the occasion, for neither his tones, his looks, nor his gesticulation showed any sympathy with poor Moffit's fate, nor with the natural feelings of the villagers.

"Stand still, all of you, or my men shall fire!" he cried, coming near to the crowd. Looks and whispers were interchanged among them, and the next instant they did stand still.

"What's all this?" he continued, giving one hasty glance at the corpse.

The young carpenter stepped out as spokesman, with his own account of the outrage, adding, "Your man has murdered one of the most harmless old creatures among us, and we only want to have him up before a magistrate."

"I am sorry for what has happened," said the prisoner, "and declare I did not intend to take life, though, if I had, my duty would bear me out in it;" and he informed his officer that Moffit had had contraband articles concealed on his person, would not submit to be searched, and was escaping, while he, the speaker, was attacked by an accomplice; and he directed attention to the carpenter, on whom the Lieutenant immediately bent an angry look, and then asked,

"Are the contraband articles still on his person?

"No, Sir, I seized them when he fell."

"Produce them."

The blockade-man was still surrounded by the people; he demanded to have his arms freed; they assented, but did not permit him to join his comrades. He put his hand in

the bosom and in the pockets of his jacket alternately, and replied, "Sir, they have been taken from me."

A groan of denial and accusation escaped his captors, and the young carpenter said, "You never had no such things in your possession."

"Search *him*," resumed the prisoner.

"Jigger me, if he do!" cried the lad, stepping back and mixing with his friends.

"Well then, Sir, ask that 'ere gentleman about the whole of it;" and the slayer of old Moffit pointed to me.

The Lieutenant immediately asked me if I had witnessed the transaction. I found myself placed in a disagreeable situation; few of the village friends of Moffit felt, I believe, more indignation than myself at his death, and against the whole system which warranted the taking away a fellow-creature's life on such slight grounds as sufficed for his assassination; hence, my first feeling was unwillingness to say a word in favour of the man-of-war's man. I also thought, in prudence, that I ought not by so doing to ensure to myself the general and perhaps dangerous hostility of the people among whom I had temporarily taken up my abode.

Therefore I hesitated at the Lieutenant's

question. He pressed it; very properly reminding me of the necessity of giving any evidence that would set the unhappy affair in its true light, and adding, that present unwillingness to speak out could not avail me upon a probable future occasion. His words had effect, as also had my own awakened sense of justice; and, at length, in guarded answers to his repeated questions, I admitted that I had seen the young sailor draw out of the pockets of the deceased the articles in debate.

"That 's enough," said the officer, "my man has done nothing but his duty. Release him, at your peril!" addressing the people.

The men of the crowd held a sullen silence, the women and children renewed their cries, and a shriek more fearful than any of theirs,—that of the wife of the dead man,—now reached us from a distance.

"At your peril!" resumed the Lieutenant, and he drew his cutlas.

"Ay, kill as many more of us, as you like," said a voice which I thought was that of the now concealed carpenter: "but let the women and children go home, first—don't kill them, too."

I began to fear horrible consequences, par-

ticularly as the shrieks of the newly-made widow, now coming nearer, had the natural effect of rousing still more the enraged people. Acting upon a sudden thought, I asked a parley of the Lieutenant, before he could reply to the threat and the insult directed against him. He allowed me to speak with him apart. I represented the idea that had come into my mind, and to my great relief, he adopted it, after an instant's demur, only.

" Harkye," he said, " yield up the man to be examined before his officers, in the first place, and I pledge my word that if he shall be found to have acted improperly, in the least degree, he shall be handed over to civil authority: observe, likewise, I have the right, and the power, too, to secure the person of the accomplice of the old smuggler who attacked my man-of-war's man in the execution of his duty, and also to search him, and all of you, for the contraband articles plundered by some one of your number; yet I will give up both these points, at some risk to myself, if you at once obey my first command."

I joined my entreaties to the officer's less supplicating tone; pointed out to them the good sense of the course proposed; reminded

them that they could do nothing against the law of the land, while that law would be sure to protect itself; and in fact, their reasoning, English minds, were enough worked upon by the two appeals made on the part of the officer and myself, to allow me to advance within their circle, and, upon a repeated understanding of full justice to be done, lead their prisoner to his comrades, just an instant before Mrs. Moffit broke through them, in an opposite direction, and flung herself upon the body of her husband.

The liberated man was quickly marched off to his tower, guarded by his mates, and preceded by his officer, who touched his cap to me; and while the fishermen prepared to bear poor old Moffit's corpse to his wife's house, obstructed by her violent cries and actions, I ascended the steps near the buttress, and walked home, through waving fields, my back turned to the sea.

In the course of the day, I received a summons to attend a coroner's inquest on the body. Now I was compelled to give full evidence of the whole transaction: and after I had deposed that the old smuggler had certainly refused to be searched, and was running off,

while the carpenter secured the blockade-man, the jury, under the direction of the coroner, returned such a verdict as left the latter a free and unquestioned person in the eyes of the law. I must remark that the jury was composed of the more respectable inhabitants of the village and its neighbourhood, among whom were some individuals of absolute rank, so that the angry prepossessions of the lower classes little interfered with their judgment of the case.

But it was easy to see that the verdict did not satisfy many others of the inhabitants of the village. Faces that I had noticed on the beach, in the morning, were in the room when it was delivered, and, although no murmurs arose, I could perceive their deep disappointment and wrath, as they turned communicatively their watchful eyes upon one another. As I sauntered out, after the investigation, groups in the street, or by the sea's edge, also conveyed to my mind a similar dissatisfaction, as they whispered together, sometimes raising slightly, but stamping energetically their feet into the sand or amongst the stones and pebbles, or shaking their bent heads as if to their own rising determinations.

I returned to the sea-houses, in the evening,

and observed similar signs of excitement, through the whole village: in addition to which, a little crowd attracted my notice at the door of Mrs. Moffit's house. I looked on observantly. Presently, the widow, supported by some female neighbours, came out, and took their way to the shingles. The crowd of men, lads, and children followed them. I did not stay behind, though I kept my distance. All proceeded towards Lieutenant Hood's tower—Hood being the name of my acquaintance of the morning. Arrived near the edge of the deep and wide dry fosse, lined with smooth and massive mason-work, which encompasses it, and cuts off all communication, except by a moveable wooden bridge, from the main land, Mrs. Moffit asked to speak with the officer. The blockade-man of whom she made this demand disappeared, without a word, through a low, square door-way, into the tower.

Lieutenant Hood soon was visible at the same spot. Mrs. Moffit required to know what decision he and his brother officers had come to upon the man who had shot her husband: she was answered carelessly, and as if a case of no importance were in discussion, that the man's

officers, as well as the coroner's jury, could find no fault with him. He was not, then, to be given up for examination before a magistrate? Flouting the idea, the Lieutenant retired; and with an expressively muttered, "Very well," from almost every lip, Mrs. Moffit, her companions and followers slowly returned to the village.

Next morning, I met Lieutenant Hood near his tower. He saluted me, and we entered into conversation: of course the late occurrences formed our topic. He spoke bluffly of the obstinacy of the people of the place, and assured me that, the night before, every watch on the coast, up and down, for miles, had been overlooked by men from the village, in the hopes, he believed, of finding the individual, who, only in obedience to orders, had been unfortunate enough to shoot the old smuggler. "We had as close an eye upon them, as they had upon us," he continued, "and were prepared for any foolish violence they might have attempted; though, as we knew they were bent on only a particular business, I had little fear of disagreeable results; that is, of being compelled to do *my* duty; for, long before they

stole out to us, the man in question had been stolen off, to a remote point of the coast, for peace-sake."

"Do you wish them to be made acquainted with this fact?" I inquired.

"To be sure, Sir," he answered, "it was not intended as a secret, in the daylight, this morning; and you may do some good by helping to spread the little piece of news."

We parted, and I availed myself of the permission given me. I got into conversation with two or three fishermen on the shingles, and told them what I had just heard. Others came up while I spoke. I had hoped to see their excitement allayed, or at least diverted by the intelligence. Such, however, was not the case, to all appearances. On the contrary, I thought their brows grew blacker, after their first surprise, and that they stealthily glanced at each other with increased, though still suppressed indignation. I tried to make it appear that the prompt removal from among them of an obnoxious individual, when he might have been continued on his post, after the decision of the coroner's jury, was a proof of attention to their feelings, and to those of the friends of the deceased; but the men only smiled darkly, or

shook their heads; or some of them, affecting indifference, turned off, whistling, to look idly upon the sea.

Two days have since elapsed, and, to my view, the passions of the people seem to work as deeply as ever. Old Moffit is not yet buried; and our maid Lucy informs me that, contrary to English custom, the body is visited, hourly, by crowds, some of whom are strangers, as it lies exposed in its coffin, the blood ostentatiously left on the articles of dress stripped off it, after death. I can also hear allusions, as I pass along the street, from women and children, of "what a funeral he is to have;" and this moment, three ballad-singers have passed our windows, two men and a woman, croaking and screaming forth a lamentable song of my poor old friend's "murder," burthened with hostility and curses against his Majesty's revenue, and the blockade service.

And having written so far, dear Graves, I send you off my sheets, for your edification. If any thing else occur of a remarkable nature, you shall hear of it, quickly. I make no theories, now.

YOUR letter, in acknowledgment of my last despatch has just come to hand. So, you knew of our little row, here, almost as soon as you had an account of it from me? And of all people in the world, your brother ran up to town with the outline of it, to you, before posting down to us, from the other side of the coast, to take command of Lieutenant Hood's tower? Well; I do think this arrangement very wise on the part of those who have made it. As long as Hood remained here, either he or our fishermen, (smugglers) or both, must have been in danger of suffering or committing new outrage.

I am obliged to you for your letter to your sea-brother, for me. Since you like him, so I am sure shall I. Let him come!

This is the fourth day after old Moffit's death, and although the people do not look as angry and as excited, I believe they still indulge some wayward plans of retaliation. I have a second time met Lieutenant Hood, and he seems of my opinion. But he and his men, he adds, are on their guard, without condescending, however, to evince any consciousness to the eyes of the villagers. He also says, that whatever may be the popular disposition

to violence, there is little fear of its becoming matured into acts without the presence, or at least the proximity of Lilly White; and the Lieutenant has been authentically advised that the homely and common-place hero mentioned, is at present in the channel, watching his time for running in his lugger. We shall see. I expect a call from your brother to-morrow.

Mutford's Journal may here be interrupted for a while. In order to supply information where he could only make conjectures, pains have been taken to induce the confidence of individuals of the humble community regarding whom he has been writing: and though this was found no very easy task, yet, in the first instance, much of the following has resulted from it.

The red-brick houses of which he has spoken did not present to the eye a uniform row. Here and there, between them, appeared very poor cottages, built of wood, and covered with tiles, the abodes of fishermen, or of shop-keepers of the humblest grade. We enter one of those, the day after Mutford wrote in his Journal the last extract made from it.

It is a fisherman's house. He is out of doors, in the Tap, or else talking with some neighbours on the shingles. His wife, a tall, genteel-faced woman, of a tasty style of dress, and respectable manners, sits at her geranium-shaded window, wearing spectacles, though not more than forty, to assist her in going through the repairs of a pile of tattered and torn garments, male and female, and all belonging to little people, which lie on a deal table before her. Some of the owners of them, that is, four or five, are scrambling, and rolling, at play, on the tiled floor near her feet; two or three more, of riper years, are running in and out at the open street door of this, the only sitting apartment of her house, carrying on against her a war which some recent remonstrances on her part has given rise to; one pops in, a moment, and having said — "Blow you, our mother!" he shoots off again; another takes his place to address to her even less respectful language; and a moment before our entrance, she had just sat down to resume her work, after pursuing the young rebels half way up to the Anchor, with the handle of a hair broom in her hand. A few more of her fish-fed offspring are disporting themselves by the edge of a wide ditch,

at the opposite side of the street; and at each frequent splash into the sedgy water, she starts up in the certainty that for the third or fourth time, that day, she shall have to fly out, and bring home, by the waistband of his little breeches, or by the skirts of her scanty frock, Watt, or Jane, or Georgy, or Jemima, soused like gurnets.

And all this while she contrives to join in the conversation of three friends, who sit at a second deal-table, in the opposite corner of her little apartment, drinking brandy and water, with which, though she has taken out no licence, the good woman can supply them at will.

One of these persons is the husband of the poor landlady of whom Mutford, his father, and sister at first had lodgings. The expression of the man's face is disagreeably sottish, his frame is powerfully and symmetrically knit, his dandily-cut clothes are worn in a lazy and vulgar manner; he is the most silent of the party, and his hoarse and croaking voice, when he does speak a few sulky words, would induce no one to wish him less taciturn.

The next toper is a young man of an agreeable cast of face, with great earnestness in con-

versation, to which a stutter gives additional expression. He drives a van, of which he is the proprietor, from the village to a town some dozen miles off; and he just drew up four hours ago to ask Missis Simmons for one glass of her cheap brandy, when, finding agreeable company under her roof, he was tempted to linger a little while, and then a little while longer, until, at length, here he is, in the dusk of the evening, his van still standing at her door utterly neglected, if not forgotten, and standing a chance of standing there for yet another hour to come, and then of being driven back to its shed rather than upon its lawful business of the day.

The third of Mrs. Simmons's guests, under the rose, is announceable as Butcher Fell, or Preacher Fell, indifferently. He has his Bible by heart, but never repeats it so perfectly as after he has been in Mrs. Simmons's house, or else in the Tap for an hour or two at a time. He is to be encountered every Sunday morning at six or seven o'clock, on the road to a near village, reverendly habited in black clothes and top-boots, going to preach to a little primitive congregation who eagerly expect his weekly visit. The top-boots have

been redeemed from pledge overnight, out of the hands of Mrs. Simmons or some other accommodating neighbour, who has had possession of them since the previous Monday morning, and is sure to see their faces again early upon the morrow. A well-featured woman, who is not his wife, although he has been married and is no widower, walks by his side on these occasions, carrying a basket filled with edibles, and surmounted by a black bottle or two. He cannot rank higher than as the third or fourth-rate butcher of the village, and, now sitting before us, wears only his greasy hat, his blue round frock, and a pair of heavy buskins.

The conversation between these good people had unavoidably commenced with the one great absorbing topic of the week, namely, the death of old Mas'r Moffit; and in the free range of its discussion was comprehended sufficient abuse of men-of-war's men, officers and all, and of every one who aided and abetted, invented and upheld them; and Mrs. Simmons, in her own quiet respectable way, took her share in the discourse, for she had her reasons.

Presently, however, Butcher Fell made a short turn into what he considered parallel

grievances, and he called certain persons and personages drones of the hive; and anon instituted a happy comparison between them and the blockade-men; showing, that as the latter guarded the waters of the sea, to hinder honest people from getting now and then the comfort of a good drop of cheap liquor, the former acted the same part upon the shores of the waters of life, keeping off from our souls the nourishment they stood so much in need of, or not letting it ashore unless it had paid a duty, and a tax, and a tithe, which not only made it too dear for humble purchasers, but had the effect of adulterating its quality, and turning it into a deleterious draught.

The young van-driver, Bowers by name, vehemently stuttered out his more than acquiescence in this reasonable doctrine, adding, that it was but too true, "every word Cobbett had writ" on the subject, in his book called the History of the Reformation. At this Butcher Fell took fire, and reprehended Cobbett as a story-telling Papist, quite as warmly as he had discountenanced more venerable individuals; and hence grew a stormy debate between the two speakers.

A stranger might have been surprised to

hear the precision with which Bowers detailed, notwithstanding his stutter and the force added to it by Mrs. Simmons's hospitality, the state of church-property before the Reformation, and in particular its partial appropriation to the poor, so as to leave people free of poor-rates, —all conned out of Cobbett;—(it may be noticed that the volume he has written on these matters is in the hands of many a village politician;) but Butcher Fell, his incalculable rancour against the name of Papist having fully possessed him, would take nothing on the authority quoted; would not permit Cobbett to find fault with any thing or any body; would not believe a word out of his mouth; and, in consequence, he naturally began to defend whatever that well-known writer had attacked, and thus unsay, one after the other, his own recent charges against the established religion of these realms.

The dandy sot of the party was appealed to by both the disputants. He indolently pronounced the whole matter, "at one side and the t'other, gammon, and nothing else."

"Ay, Will Brown, to you it be, and to all like you, what don't believe in a God, or in a devil," said Butcher Fell, bitterly.

"Preacher Fell, you be a fool, and so that 's at an end," resumed Will Brown; "who do you think is to stop here listening to your purring, purring, from morning till night, from night to morning? I say, Miss's Simmons, the bottle be as empty as some people's heads; leave off, Mas'r Bowers, I tell you, and let 's think of business. Miss's—where be Martha Huggett staying, so long? Let me talk now, Mas'r Fell, me and Miss's Simmons, together; for I be jiggered if I 'll stand no more of your preaching—eh, Miss's?"

"Never mind, Mas'r Brown, Martha won't be long behind her time," replied Mrs. Simmons.

"Then, what 's that you was a-saying, Miss's about t'other trade, and your losses, just now? Tell us that, while we be waiting for her."

"Ah, as I 'm a living woman, Mas'r Brown, sitting here before you, this precious moment, the times afore the blockade-men came were the times for me, and all of us, as you know very well. Long life to Bonyparte, and I hope we 'll see him again. Many a Sunday, on my way to Mr. Hugh's chapel, across the marshes, I knowed where to find as good as a hundred pounds' worth of light articles, made up so nice

to my hand that I could sit out the best lecture that precious man ever gave us, side by side with Miss's Turner, from the custom-house, and never afraid as what she could guess the contents of my pockets. No, the riding officers didn't give us no trouble worth talking of. It's these men-o'-war's men what keeps us as poor as we are, with their pistols at our heads every hand's turn, and watching us so close that there 's no such thing as turning an honest penny for ourselves or our little 'uns. And the whole world will never make me think but what it was one of 'em, dressed up like a gentleman's servant, what informed against me, the time that the two London men walked into my house, in the middle of the noon-day, and went straight to every hole and corner where I had a single thing, the same as if they had seen me going about the house, twenty times—ah, Will Brown, that was the day I broke; three hundred pounds' worth I had under the roof, and in my pockets, and three hundred more they fined me. But here 's Jack Simmons, and news in his face—Well, Mas'r Simmons," as her thick-set, broad-shouldered husband entered, somewhat agitated, (that is, for him,) "What's in the wind now?"

"Will Brown," said her spouse, "we're a-going to lose the man-o'-war's man afore his time be up among us."

"What's that?" asked Brown, rousing himself.

"A post-chaise drove up to the Anchor, as I came by, and a new lieutenant jumped out of it—any one can tell what's *that*."

"'Tis easy following t'other," and Brown relapsed into his indolent manner.

"Not so far as he'll go," observed Mrs. Simmons; "they won't leave him on this side of England."

"He can't get off for to-night, at any rate," resumed her husband, "and so let the old man be earthed at once: that's my mind."

"Where be the friends he expects at his funeral, Mas'r Simmons?" demanded the smuggling landlady; "you know the evening was fixed for after to-morrow, and fixed for the two jobs, together, and so, people bayn't at hand."

"I'll wait till Martha Huggett steps in, before I say *my* mind," grumbled Will Brown, "so, there's an end of that;—and they swore you, Miss's Simmons, didn't they, never to buy or sell a single thing that hadn't paid the King's duty?" he continued, alluding to the story of

her losses which Mrs. Simmons had been telling, before the appearance of her husband.

"Me and Jack Simmons, together, Mas'r Brown, in as hard oath as ever they could think of."

Brown gave a chuckle, though a lazy and sullen one, as he helped himself to a proof of Mrs. Simmons's faithful observance of those hard oaths. It is remarkable, that in her indirect avowal of deliberate perjury, there was not a shade of self-accusation, nor yet of bravado. She seemed to have lived all her life in an atmosphere of opinions which attached no moral guilt to the act, but on the contrary regarded it as one of the inevitable, matter-of-course occurrences of her trade; rather disagreeable and inconvenient, to be sure, but that was not her fault, but the sin of those who would not let her earn her bread in her own way.

"Well, here be Martha, at last," resumed Brown, as the person he spoke of came in. She was a girl of about twenty-three, not tall, well-featured, with a ruddy complexion, her figure more neat (almost genteel) than attractive, in a certain sense, and her attire,—a coloured frock, a second-hand black silk spencer, and close straw bonnet—tidy and precise. The

moment she stepped over the threshold of the door, Martha stopped short, and cast round her a glance peculiarly observant and intelligent.

"There be a girl *can* hold her tongue, if need be," continued Will Brown.

"Good evening, Miss's Simmons," she said, ending her scrutiny: "always stitching and contriving for the little 'uns; I wish I had time to sit down with you and patch a hole or run up a slit in one of those trousers or frocks:" and she seated herself.

"Obleeged to you, all the same, my maid," replied her friend; "hard at work, all day, I warrant?"

"Till a moment afore I whipped up my bonnet for a run to see you; families keep coming down to us, now, day after day, and the iron be never out of the fire, in our house, that it bayn't in my hand."

"Not the only one you have in the fire, old girl," observed Brown.

"Hard work, indeed, Martha," continued Mrs. Simmons; "but it pays you; it will be a bad week for you, the rest of the season, that you don't clear a couple of sovereigns, *I* know."

"Why yes, Miss's, one week with another."

" To say nothing of t'other trade," mumbled Brown.

" Mas'r Brown, you be a fool, I tell you," said Martha, " and of an odd time don't rightly know what you're a-saying."

" Well, my maid," resumed Mrs. Simmons, with a sigh, as she made several attempts to thread her needle, in the increasing twilight; " not a girl or woman among us makes up clothes tidier or nicer than you, and that's why you deserve your two sovereigns a-week, *I* say; though the half of that seldom comes into this house now-a-days, put every earthly thing together that Jack and myself can do; his fishing, and my going into the sea with the lady-bathers, and the odd tub, now and then, and all; ay, not forgetting thripence a-day each, earned by Watt and Jem, picking stones in Mas'r Martin's fields;" she spoke of two little fellows of seven and six, who, instead of being at school, or in any other situation, for improving themselves, worked, indeed, under the rigorous inspection of the farmer named, twelve hours a-day for sixpence between them.

" Miss's, you be talking precious nons'n's," said Jack Simmons, as he took a stride towards

Martha Huggett, from the middle of the tiled floor, where he had been standing moodily, his hands thrust into the pockets of his loose trousers; "and more than that, you be keeping Martha here, from ——"

"Me, Mas'r Simmons?" interrupted the girl, "nobody keeps me from nothing;" and she turned her face quickly to the dark corner, in which, with his head resting on his hands, upon the table, preacher Fell had fallen fast asleep.

"You don't know him?" demanded Simmons.

"Why, it be only Mas'r Fell, the poor stoopid, and a-snoring, too, or going to begin."

"Oh,—only he? all 's right then, if he was broad awake," resumed Martha; "and nobody over-head, Miss's Simmons?"

Mrs. Simmons assured her not.

"Where be Jane?" she continued, meaning her friend's eldest daughter, a girl of fourteen.

"Out by the sea, carrying baby, for a walk."

"Well then;" Martha paused a moment.

"Well then," repeated Brown, "there be a new Lieutenant come to Hood's tower, old girl, and Hood's off."

"Not to-night," said Martha Huggett.

"To-morrow, then, at fard'st."

"No, nor to-morrow, Mas'r Brown."

"Very well: 'tis you I believe; but who told you?"

"Theirselves told me. I came round by the tower, for a run, coming here, and seed 'em meeting on the clift; and then I sat behind Mas'r Hall's hedge to let 'em pass by, and they walked close to me, and were a-talking.

"That will do," said Simmons.

"Yes—if to-morrow evening will do, instead of the evening after, for burying Mas'r Moffit," resumed Brown.

"Ye must make it do," said Martha.

"P'raps — supposing you get round to *that side,* after dark, my maid," observed Simmons.

"And won't I?—but who is to give the word to the Rye and Hastings men, that the time 's changed?—They must be looked after, t' other way from round by that side, you know."

No one answered her. "Mas'r Bowers!" she went on; and the van-proprietor started in his chair, and opened his blinking eyes, which were fast following the example of Butcher Fell's.

"'Tisn't the first time you met us all, with the van, Mas'r Bowers, by a short cut, hard by the Three Williams, over the clift."

"N—n—no!" assented Bowers, vehemently.

"And you know all what's in the wind now?"

"Ye—e—"

"Yes, to be sure you do. Then, listen to me. There's your van, again, doing nothing, at the door, and you a-helping of it, going a-sleep at that table; stir yourself, and whip it off towards where you know; and try and get out one word among the people what be a-coming to see us: no one will never suspect nothing of you, no more than of myself; you follow your lawful calling, though if a marked man goes that road, 'twould be another thing: be you moving, yet? I'll be round that side—the t'other from your's—afore long, and see some one what often paid you for a job—and paid you well, too."

With alacrity of limb, though tardy expressions of readiness, Bowers arose, walked pretty steadily out of the house, mounted his van, and disappeared with it from the door.

Martha Huggett then shook Butcher Fell by the shoulder, and when he could comprehend her, asked "A-preaching as usual, to-morrow morning, Mas'r Fell?"

"The Lord's work—" he began; she interrupted him to say that, under the circum-

stances, it would do to have the friends he was going amongst get a hint, early in the morning, and he was appointed to speak with them, after or before his sermon, just as he liked, provided he would be sure to speak to the purpose. He accepted the mission. Martha then exhorted him to get up and go home and sleep, in order to prepare himself for early rising. This advice he also adopted, and was staggering slightly to the door, when she added, "The two jobs—remember that;" at which preacher Fell sagely nodded his head and departed.

"Now, you and I be ready for going round by that side, old girl," muttered Brown.

"No, Will, we bayn't—one of us, at least," answered Martha Huggett authoritatively.

"And which of us be that one, Martha?"

"Me, if you go; you, if I go."

"Meaning that you won't take me with you?"

"Just so."

"And why won't you?"

"Because I wun't, Will Brown; and for two reasons, besides: I don't like you 'nough to be alone with you out by the clift; and though you mayn't think it, Mas'r Will, people begins to ask one another how you go so fine,

and keep your setters and your gun, and give your mind to nothing but brandy and water in Miss's Simmons's house, or to London porter at the tap, while Miss's Brown hasn't over and above too much in her own house at home; and so, Will, I don't think you could pass the men-o'-war's men, going round to that side, without they turning to look after you; and that 's why you can't and shan't walk at my elbow to-night, when so much is at hap-hazard, and to be done, if ever it was done, on the sly."

"Then go alone, old girl."

"No, I wun't—not that, neither. Jane Simmons," as the girl entered with her youngest brother asleep in her arms, "be you coming out for a walk?"

"Which way?" demanded Jane, interested.

"Why, up to the old mill, first, suppose: and then by Mas'r Yielding's garden-wall, you know"—Jane tittered—"and then, any where at all, home again—There—come along—put baby in mother's lap—there—Mas'r Brown, you may walk with us as far as the old mill—no one will never suspect you, so far"—she continued whispering him—"and you can give the word to the folk what will be waiting for it there, about this time, just to keep Jane

from seeing or hearing too much—So, here we go:" — speaking loud again "Night, Miss's — night Mas'r Simmons—I'll bring Jane home safe to you," and taking the girl's arm, she left the house, obediently followed by the lazily striding Brown.

"I be blow'd, Miss's, but that 'ere be as clever a hand as any what Lilly White has in pay," observed the master of the house to his wife, with whom, excepting the baby and three or four infants, he was now left alone.

"'Tis you I believe, Mas'r Simmons," she replied; "and nothing in this world will never make me think but what he gives Martha Huggett more of his mind, ay, and of his money, too, than he gives to any other body among you."

"Well, and if so, she earns and deserves it. I be not over-sure he could keep up t'other trade at all without the help of some one like her, what nobody never has a thought of, and what can beat the oldest of us at doing a thing on the sly, as she says herself. How she manages to blind even our Jane, Miss's, for as many times as they went out together: talking to her of Bill Yielding, and all that 'ere stuff, to keep her head at work on its own account."

"And don't you like the girl, Mas'r Simmons, for getting Jane, or any other great girl at hand, to go out with her, just to hinder any one from saying that she met this man or that boy, by the clift, alone? Did you hear her at Will Brown, to-night? — I be blessed, but I was glad she gave it t' him. And how many girls of her years, do you think, could go among men and boys, of every sort, and at all hours, and in all places, and keep them off, and keep her own character, to this precious hour, without a blemish, Mas'r Simmons?"

"I don't know, I'm sure; but I be blow'd if you bayn't be going to talk cruel nons'ns, over again, Miss's," answered her husband, walking out of his house with his head poked down, and his hands in his trousers pockets.

Meantime, Martha Huggett, Jane Simmons, and Will Brown, proceeded from the sea side down towards the village where dwelt Mutford, his father and sister. They passed it, continued a little way by the high road, and then over paths through fields, to another village, but a much smaller and poorer one. That also they cleared, and began to ascend a rugged and imperfectly-seen track, up an uncultivated hill, which, however, was covered with the short,

tender herbage that sheep love, and that makes men and women love to eat sheep, because they have loved and eaten *it*. Upon the brow of this hill appeared indistinctly — for it was now as dark as a moonless summer night generally is— a jumble of the ruins of an old building.

"Up with you," whispered Martha to Brown, and if you find all right, cry out to us — 'Girls, go home!' I must bring all the news I can with me where I'm going—Jane and I will stop here a moment."

He parted from them. "I wonder where Mas'r Brown be a-going to, now, Jane," continued Martha to her companion — "and leave us standing here;—on no good, either for his-self or poor Miss's Brown, I warrant;— There I told you!"—as Brown's signal-words met her ear—"I be blessed and made happy, Jane, if he ha'n't come here to meet Lucy Peat, or one of her like!—Come along, my pretty maiden; let's run back by Bill Yielding's."

So saying, Martha caught Jane's hand, and galloped with her down the hill, both laughing. Retracing their steps, they re-passed the little village, and were soon tripping by the gardener's, Mas'r Yielding. Martha stopped at the open door of the cottage and asked "Be Bill

at home?" though she well knew he wasn't. The old father came out, and answered her. "Oh, very well; we know where to find him, then, up the clift—Let he and you have the pit open, in the garden, about eleven, to-morrow night"—she whispered.—"So, now for it, Jane!"

They struck across fields and marshes, straight for the coast. After ascending gradually, the land flattened, and the fresh breeze on their foreheads told them that they were near the edge of the cliffs. A few yards more, straight on, brought them to the path by their line, and now the girls pursuing it, faced in the direction whither Mutford had walked, as described in his journal. Their course was, however, unvaryingly, by the cliffs. They saw more than one blockade-man, pacing slowly or standing still, upon the solitary shingles under them, and passed more than one upon their own path; and on these occasions, Martha Huggett contrived to be talking and laughing girlishly with her young companion, or singing:—

'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day,
When Nature painted all things gay,
Gave birds to sing, and lambs to play,
And deck'd the meadows fair—

Young Jocky with the morn arose,
And tript it lightly o'er the lawn;
The youth put on his Sunday clothes,
For Jenny had vowed away to run
With Jocky to the fair!
For Jenny had vowed away to run
With Jocky to the fair!

They walked and ran a good distance, ascending and descending with the rise and fall of the cliff. They paused upon the verge of an abrupt chalk-pit, of which the depths were hid from their view, owing to the inequality of the various excavations.

"I'll try for him here, Jane," said Martha; —"you stop where you are, as the path is not easy, and you don't know it as well as I do."

"Why, what would bring him down there?" demanded Jane.

"I think he heard me say that you and I might come so far for a run to-night—so, stand still, a moment."

She ran down the precipitous side of the first excavation, digging into the chalk with her heels. Jane soon lost sight of her, as she continued her descent to the depths of the pit. Arrived at her point, Martha stared in surprise

at the young carpenter whom Mutford had seen on the shingles. He was the only person visible.

"Only you here, Sam Geeson!" she whispered.

"Only me, old girl; and I don't think you'll see any one else, to-night: Lily seems as if he were going to be frightened a bit."

"Any sign of him?" continued Martha, peering inquisitively at the sea, out through an opening in the top line of the chalk pit.

"You'll get none, now," replied Geeson; "though I do think I saw him in the fog, about two hours ago."

"Let's talk to him:"—Martha drew some tow from her pocket; shook spirits of turpentine over it, out of a small vial; struck a light in a little tinder-box; set fire to a match, and touched the match to a portion of the tow, which she placed on the edge of the pit.

"That says *when*," — she resumed,—"and this will say *where*,"— and she ignited the second portion of the tow. "And now, Sam, good night; and don't give up yet: he may slip off a boat after this."

"But I say, Martha," growled Sam, in a way which he meant to be coaxing.

"And what *do* you say?" she was hastening up the pit.

"You'll stay and talk a bit, won't you, now?"

"All nonsense, Sam Geeson, with me — and I've told you as much afore: good night, and mind your look-out."—And she was soon by Jane's side.

MUTFORD IN CONTINUATION.

From some place I do not know—

——Nor your brother Alexander either, dear Graves, who is in it along with me. And we are prisoners, closely watched, though I will own, not badly treated. Nay, *I* don't care how long they hold me in durance,—provided they have kept their word with me as to conveying a note to my father—so pleasing, so soothing, has been one circumstance connected with my loss of liberty. And I believe in my heart, that but for his shame and impatience of his late discomfiture, and his ardour to be again engaged in his duties, your brother could pass a very agreeable bondage of a few weeks, at my side; for this moment, as I glance up from my writing, I see him seated in the recess of an old-fashioned

window, smiling and chatting most contentedly with one of our hostesses, or jailers, or keepers —a pretty and engaging girl of eighteen or thereabouts. Our first prison-house, has, indeed, been of a worse description. But do I not rather tantalize you? I hope so. And to make amends, you shall have as methodical an explanation as my sense of order, and of events in series can supply.

In the twilight of the evening after I last journalized for you, I was stepping out of our furnished house, when a young naval officer met me at the door and inquired for myself. I knew him at once, though he is not a bit like you. We smiled at each other, as he put your note into my hand; and that smile went a good way in breaking down the barriers of formality between us. The next moment we were upstairs with my father and Bessy, claimants upon the evening hospitality of the latter; and my little sister, recovering from a momentary fright, bustled about us with more energy and good-humour than she has lately shown to her own friends exclusively.

I do like him, dear Graves, very much; he seems born and informed for his most manly and straightforward profession, and in any

situation of society must inevitably be taken as an excellent specimen of it. Frankness without display, without as much as consciousness; bluntness, without a jot of rudeness; nature, without a jot of uncouthness; these are his more considerable characteristics, discernible at a glance; in fact, he is a gentleman, though not of a coterie, a college, or a club-room. Then his humour is heart-cheering, though I do not remember his saying one *good thing*, as they call it; it cheers his own heart, and, of natural necessity, the hearts of others; and although so young,—scarce twenty, I should suppose, and believe I have heard you say,—there yet surrounds all this, bracing and keeping it together, a solid good sense, of which many of my acquaintance of treble his age stand in need. And, by the way, Graves, with that gallant, tall, symmetrical figure of his, and that ingenuous glowing face,—(how lavish is Nature to *some* of her children!)—I should call Alexander a dangerous invader of the female peace of heart of the drawing-room. My life upon it, he would annihilate three sons of Stultz in half an evening.

So, you see, we must have chatted and laughed to some purpose over Bessy's tea-table

scantily attended as it was by our solitary Lucy Peat, to allow of time and opportunity for my seeing and thinking all this about the new acquaintance you have introduced to us. And, indeed, we did: and I have not known even my father so cheerful this long while.

Well, but all this is not what you want; or do I think you ignorant of the features of your brother's character or face, down to the present hour? Patience; our evening's conversation did not close without allusions to the death of old Moffit; and I began to love your brother for condemning heartily the rashness and intemperance of the man-of-war's man, and the bungling bluffness and badness of Hood's deportment on the occasion, at the same time that he hinted good-humoured yet contemptuous dislike of the blockade service, as one strange and unfit for people who had at least seen Algiers in a seventy-four.

The interest I had taken in the recent occurrences, prompted me to express, indirectly, a hope that Lieutenant Hood would not remain long in his martello tower. Your brother bluntly replied that he had asked to be left in it for that night, but would surrender it next morning, and the village in the course of the

day. "I am sorry he does not repair to his new station without a moment's delay, if it were possible," your brother continued, "after what has happened, and since the people seem so angry with him."

Here ended our interview for the night; but at parting Alexander asked me to dine with him the following day, and I gladly accepted the invitation, after glancing at my father, whose approving nod as well as renovated appearance gave warrant for the unusual indulgence.

Proceeding to keep my appointment, about five o'clock next day, I could not fail to notice among the villagers the same subdued perturbation which I had before observed, and have mentioned to you. It also struck me that the usual population of the little place had been increased by new comers, all, however, fishermen, as was evident by their blue trousers and jackets, their best, in honour—I supposed, exclusively—of the day, Sunday.

In a circle, within the circle of the tower, I found your brother; I gained his sitting-apartment, after crossing the wooden bridge over the deep, broad, dry fosse, through a kind of guard-room,—a semicircle, where his men sat

on forms at a rough deal-table, some mending their clothes, some furbishing their pistols, carabines, or cutlasses; and a goodly display of these weapons was on the walls over their heads. Again they eyed me in silence, one only ushering me to his officer, with a word and a bow; and again their appearance and manner, now added to by their situation, interested me.

I was not sumptuously entertained, as you may suppose, under all the circumstances; yet our dinner was a good English one, and our wines not to be found fault with. But in truth, we wanted little else than one another's conversation to pass a very pleasant evening:—or part of one, I should have said.

The sun had gone down an hour, when, once or twice, your brother paused, and seemed to listen with some attention. I heard a dull sullen noise, but thought it the mixed boom and clatter of the sea and the shingles, coming up to us, a good distance from the beach, to the high ground on which the tower stood, and again deadened by the thickness of the tower's walls.

"No," said Alexander, smiling, "I know all modifications of sea-sounds somewhat better

than you can, and I swear to you this is none of them: it comes from the village, and is formed of human voices."

"What can it be, then? Hood has long ago removed himself out of danger," I observed.

"I hope so; yet I have suspected that he seemed half inclined, at our parting, to linger out the day, if not the evening, in the village, perhaps with an old crony or two—Hollo!" he went on, sitting upright, and brightening into interest, as, along with the repetition of the distant and disagreeable noise, a woman was heard talking rapidly, and almost in screams, outside the tower.

The man who had conducted me in, and afterwards attended table, entered in some agitation; and to a challenge from his officer answered, that "a girl what used to make up things for Lieutenant Hood" was abroad, and brought word that Hood had not left the village, but had dined with friends at the Anchor; and that, the old Smuggler's funeral passing by, followed by crowds, from all parts, and himself left for show in his coffin, the people had surrounded the inn, and were now calling for Lieutenant Hood, and groaning, and hissing him, men, women, and children; and, in

fine, Martha Hugget earnestly entreated the new Lieutenant to hasten with all his force to the Anchor, and hinder mischief, before it was too late.

Making little of the girl's fuss, and of the whole matter, and soundly rating the man before him for his confused manner and story, your brother lost not a moment, however, in attending to this appeal. Hastily putting on his cap, after a word to his tower's crew, he was wishing me a good evening. I requested to be allowed to accompany him. He hesitated, and spoke of probable inconvenience to me. I pressed my suit, and we sallied forth together, followed not only by all of our present garrison, one or two excepted, but, at a distance, and gradually, by all the sentinels from the tower along the cliffs, as far as the point which I have before described to you: one pistol shot from the tower, taken up and repeated by them, from one to another, being the signal to summons them to our aid.

Your brother scarce spoke a word on our way to the village; but I saw it was not because he was off his guard, and puzzled, but rather because he was deliberately making up his mind to the course best to be pursued.

And at another look at him, I felt I had nothing to fear from his impetuosity.

We were within half a quarter of a mile of the scene of disturbance. Our path thither was down the rather abrupt slope of the lump of ground upon which the tower was based, then by the edge of the diminishing cliff, and lastly along the shingles, gained by rude steps, of which you have before heard. Not an individual met us in our hasty advance. Even Lieutenant Hood's laundress had disappeared—Heaven knows on what business of her own, though lately I begin to suspect. We gained a near view of the Anchor —of its front, in the street. Alexander halted his men, and looked on for a moment.

A formidable crowd, indeed, surrounded the inn, rolling round it by a passage and a narrow lane, at either side, and doubtless closing again, at its rear. Women and children flocked at the skirts of the throng; but the great majority were men. Your brother and I jumped upon an old wall, which enabled us to look down upon them.

In the middle of the mass of people were a chosen number, wearing black-crape hatbands. Within them, again, stood perhaps half a dozen, bearing the coffin of old Moffit on their

shoulders; but the coffin was not open, as Martha Hugget seemed to have intimated. A bundle of articles of dress was heaped upon it, however—doubtless the mortally stained clothes of the deceased, though the increasing darkness did not allow me to be sure, at the moment.

Every tongue called out the name of Hood—"Hood! Hood! to join the funeral!" and between each pause, the groanings and growlings of the men, and the gurgling shrieks of some women, and the yelling of children, and even the barking and yelping of dogs, made a vile chorus. I felt, and for an instant gave a thought to the fearful power of a mob; although this, compared with city mobs, was insignificant. With their union of purpose, passion, and well-matured bodily strength, I saw that the people before me were able to demolish the poor Anchor inn, and confound its very stones with the shingles at hand on the beach, if they could in no other way gratify their exasperation, or were not diverted from their intentions.

We glanced up at the windows of the besieged house of entertainment. The shutters of all of them were closed, as was the substantial hall-door. But stones and other missiles had been begun to be flung at the former,

before our arrival, and an impatient knocking at the latter now gradually increased into furious thumping and crashing.

"This won't do," said your brother to me,—observe, though I have paused to describe what I saw, we had not been looking on more than half a minute, and I believe that few of the crowd as yet noticed us—"this won't do; they must be stopped directly. What 's all this, lads?" he called out, from the top of the old wall—every eye turned to him, and there was comparative silence—"Stand still, men-o'-war's men," he continued, "and do not follow me — you have no duty before you, at present — Tell me, good lads, what's the matter?"—Here he jumped down, and peaceably, though boldly approached them.

They renewed their cries for "Hood! to follow in the funeral!"

"Is that all? To be sure he will; and so will I, and my men along with me: Lieutenant Hood has stopped for the purpose: and where 's the poor old fellow's wife? I had forgotten a message to her — where is she? here?" he bustled through them, towards the coffin. The people did not oppose him; and I could see, from my high position on the wall, only one

discontented brow among the bearers of the corpse, namely that of the young carpenter, (now in his Sunday attire, like the rest) although he was the person who pointed out Mrs. Moffit to your brother, saying, in a surly voice, "There she be."

"And I 'm glad I 've met her," resumed the peace-maker; "here, Mrs. Moffit, is a slight parting gift from my friend Lieutenant Hood, with his sincere regrets for what has happened; and allow me to add a trifle to it; my men ask leave to do the same, as soon as they have finished a little subscription between them—pray take it—or, your friend, here, will hold it for you;" he forced it into another woman's hand.—"We are indeed all very sorry—very sorry that our strict duty will now and then get us into these things; but, I say, my lads, some of you ought to be a bit more cautious and sly, or not so obstinate, you know,—that is, if you will be such cursed rogues—d'ye understand?"—he smiled good-humouredly, and many of the rough-minded fellows who heard him, seemed amused at his blundering good-nature, as they thought:—"And so, fall back, now, from the door, will you, and let me up to tell my friend what you want him to do; we

will be down again with you, arm in arm, as soon as you get the old boy, here, under weigh, in good order, and, as I said—fall back, my lad, won't you?" to the young carpenter, the only one who now pertinaciously obstructed the approach to the door,—"as I said, he shall have a guard of honour, as soon as—Then you won't?" he interrupted himself again to expostulate with the carpenter.

"No!" was the only reply, extended to a length of growling sound.

"Is this fair, lads?" appealed Alexander to the crowd.

"Come along, Sam Geeson," said many voices.

"Do, Sam—come along," exhorted a girl, advancing, and laying her hand on his arm. To my edification I recognized our maid-servant, Lucy Peat.

"There now—do—get away with your sweetheart," resumed Alexander jokingly.

"Sweetheart? what's that to you if she be? I'll stand none of your nons'ns," answered Sam, with a philosophical objection to be spoken kindly to, in which some of his class are proficients.

"Come, my lad, stand back," pursued Lieutenant Graves, knocking at the door—"Mrs.

Moffit, won't you and your friends call him away?—"

"Nons'ns, I say again;" repeated Geeson—"I have a right to stand here, and you've none to bid me go along."

Your brother's last appeal to the more reasonable had produced some effect, reckoning upon which, doubtless, he now began to show his tusks. "Is there no constable, here?" he demanded.

"No there bayn't—do you take him for a fool?" continued Sam. The demand was repeated, but remained unanswered.

"Is there no constable, here, to keep the king's peace, I ask?" Alexander's voice rose high—"we have enough to keep it, without a constable," pointing to his men; "but is there no constable to make us all quiet?"

"There be, Sir," answered a sad, plaintive voice, from the outskirts of the crowd; "here be two on 'em; and I be beadle."

"Then, constables and beadle, come forward and secure this troublesome chap."

"We thought to do our duty, before, Sir, but they used threatening language," answered another unseen person, doubtless one of the lukewarm constables.

"D'you hear that?" demanded Sam Geeson, with a rude laugh.

"Do *you* continue to refuse me free approach to this door?" questioned your brother.

"And don't *you* know?" retorted the young rioter.

"Then, here, constables!"—and with the promptness and courage of a young lion, Alexander collared Geeson, and pushed him back through the crowd—"Make way, lads!" he cried—"make way for the only disturber of the peace among you! Constables, your duty! men-o'-war's men, stand quiet! Mrs. Moffit, tell your friends what 's best for them!—Constables, here he 's for you, now, ready to your hand—take care of him!"—And without the slightest resistance from the law-fearing though law-breaking crowd, the young carpenter was in the hands of the guardians of the peace, and of their melancholy beadle, the most grotesquely clad beadle I had ever seen. Doubtless, Alexander's previous appeals to them, the friendly gifts to Mrs. Moffit, and the promise to bestow unusual and unexpected honours on the funeral of the deceased, to say nothing of the presence of the men-o'-wars men, had helped to calm down the exasperation of the generality

of the people, and induced them to accept the more penitent attendance of Hood upon the corpse of the old Smuggler, in lieu of whatever arbitrary retaliation had been in store for him. I must add that Miss Lucy Peat played, with her loud gabble and expostulations at the arrest of Geeson, a prominent though secondary part in this scene.

Lieutenant Graves was again standing at the inn-door a few seconds afterwards, and again knocking loudly for admission. He called on "the friends of Mrs. Moffit" to pledge themselves to await peaceably his re-appearance with Hood, and they did so. The landlady of the Anchor then cautiously opened the door, admitted him, and closed and secured it again.

He did not make his appearance as soon as I had suspected, and meantime some things happened that drew my attention.

I saw about a dozen of the least prepossessing of the men of the crowd group together at its skirts and talk expressively, pointing after Geeson and the constables. The words—"the cage," caught my ear, and presently they detached themselves, followed by some twenty more, from their friends, and walked hastily up the street.

At about the moment of their departure, the girl Martha Hugget approached demurely towards the Anchor, from the road leading to the isolated group of houses and cottages in one of which I live. Whether she had come upon that road, of a sudden, from some path to the cliff, out of our sight, I leave herself to answer. She spoke first with those of the crowd whom she met first; then she glided unobtrusively through them, and still whispered something, pointing cautiously along the line of the coast. The movement which followed surprised me; and I remembered at that moment a word which Lieutenant Hood had told me about Lilly White and his lugger. One by one, or two by two, more than half of those ostensibly assembled to do honour to Mas'r Moffit's funeral, lounged off the way Martha Hugget had come, and at a turn of the road, disappeared from view.

Before the last of them had vanished, the shutters of one of the front windows of the inn opened, and I perceived your brother and Hood standing at the glass, plainly visible in the candle-light at their backs. Hood pointed after the deserters, and seemed to impress something eagerly on his companion. Alexander

threw up the window, and asked hastily—"Has the funeral gone forward without us?"—

Those immediately about the coffin answered, No! "Then, where have those men gone?" he continued—"what! am I played a trick, after all?"—and he disappeared with Hood from the window, and quickly issued into the street.

"Bury the old man, now, in your own way, and no more words about it!" he said, sternly—"I repeat I am sorry for his death—but bury him—bury him!" The remainder of the people, men, women and children, moved off with the poor bandied-about corpse of my polite old friend. "Follow me, lads!"—to his stationary and patient men-o'-war's men—"But what's to do, now?"—

The two constables stumbled back towards the Anchor, as fast as their efforts to hold Geeson between them permitted—the picturesque Beadle, flourishing a very curious badge of office, was running on much faster, before them. Some of those who had stolen away to rescue the young carpenter, followed; and two gentlemen on horseback trotted after them.

"Beware a riot!" cried the foremost horseman, in whom I recognised Lord Lintern; the other was his son George—"I have been but

tardily informed of these matters; but now that a magistrate *is* here, beware a riot, I say, young man, and you, fellows who press on him. Constables, back with him to the cage."

"'Twill never hold him, such a night as this be, my Lord," replied one of the constables.

"Then, Sir," continued the magistrate, addressing Alexander,—(the Honourable George Allan had intercepted the still afflicted Lucy Peat, and was whispering to her, at his stirrup) —"then, Sir, allow me to call on you for temporary assistance, in the name of the King's peace, particularly as I understand that 'tis you have a charge against this foolish lad."

"What am I to do, Sir? I beg pardon, but my time is precious—"

"Keep him in your tower, Sir, till he can be sent to —— jail."

"With all my heart, Sir—bring him along, lads—constables and all; though——there—good evening, Sir:——Mr. Mutford," as he passed me—"good evening to you, too, at last."

"Let me see it out," I pleaded, and kept on by his side.

We gained the steps which led up from the shingles to the path to the tower. There Lieu-

tenant Graves detached half of his men along the sea's edge, and they parted from us, making all speed. We arrived, with the other half, the constables and Geeson, at the tower, and the latter was consigned to the care of the few people whom its commander had left to hold it secure in his absence. Then he wished the constables good night, and bidding the man who knew best "the path to the Three Williams," lead the way, we all struck direct into the narrow track by the cliff's edge, and pushed forward at a trot.

I asked what was the matter, notwithstanding that I had my own suspicions.

"The admirable rascals!" answered your brother, "I do believe they have succeeded in as well-planned and as well-performed a scheme as rogues and smugglers ever attempted! Hood is sure of it. But we shall see. At present, 'tis lost time, talking. We shall see!"

"Lugger, standing out from shore!" cried our guide, stopping a moment, and pointing down to the sea.

"It is, by heavens!" said Alexander. For my own part, I saw, indeed, a dark something in motion on the sea below us, but a good way on. "Steady, lads, and silence! we may meet

some of them, above; and if the rest of us have sense, they ought to surprise some more by the water's edge—but no, confound their stupidity!" we heard pistols discharged, under us—"there 's a signal to baffle every one but the smugglers—ay, themselves who make it—lubbers! that couldn't wait for a short shot and close grappling! Up, however!"

We continued along the track I have described to you, dear Graves, not eventually striking a little inland, however, as I had formerly done. Having come in view of the bleak and round summit of the point, we proceeded by the very high cliffs over the sea.

"Three Williams a-head," said our guide, pointing to three remarkable tall conical piles of chalk which shot up to the level of the cliff, in this point, from its base, but without touching it.

"Speak lower, and a sharp look out," answered your brother. The man gained the perfect level of the land at the cliff's verge before us, and gave another announcement.

"Smugglers ahead, but making off!"

We sprang on, and quickly gaining his advantage in position over us, I saw, at about a quarter of a mile in advance, groups of dark

figures hurrying to the right, inland. Vehicles of different kinds, carts, light and heavy, gigs, flies, (and peradventure, one of the latter, from its general make and air, in the distance, might have had the honour to be whirled off by two steeds called "Harrit, Miss," and "Polly, Missis,") were in rapid motion before them. We heard no sound of feet, of horses, or of wheels, on the soft but elastic and almost trackless sward; but something like the jingle of chain-harness now and then struck on our ears.

"Chase them, every man!"—was your brother's command, instantly given—"chase them! at least to the next village—or until they quite distance you; and look out for me, hereabouts—perhaps they have left something or some one behind; I 'll see."

His men directly left us alone, running in the track of the smugglers, who had already disappeared, however, down into one of the spacious wild valleys formed by the inland dipping of the point.

I walked with Alexander, still by the cliffs, to the Three Williams. We arrived at the commencement of a very precipitous track, beginning at their verge, and winding zig-zag

down the nearly perpendicular face of the chalky precipice.

"This is the spot of which Hood told me," said your brother: "and here they not only work their tubs, and other lighter though more valuable articles, up from the beach, with ropes and huge baskets, but, he affirms, come up themselves, with great loads on their backs."

"Impossible," I observed—"for the latter achievement, at least; see, there does not appear a stay for the hand—scarce a spot for the foot—and 'tis a hundred yards at least, to the shingles."

"Keep your eye looking down," he resumed, "and you may find yourself undeceived."

"How?" I asked, following his advice.

"Note the third turn that the track takes," he whispered—"does nothing—(lie on your breast, but still look close)—does nothing stir over it?"

Thus instructed, my eyes sharpened, and I certainly saw something move cautiously upward.

"And 'tis a woman, too," he continued, "and so I am glad to be saved from what perhaps my duty must have told me to do, had it

been a man; don't you notice the dress? a bonnet and a black spencer?"

"No," I replied, "there my optical powers fail me. But the person, whoever it is, seems now stationary."

"Yes; I understand. She has been sent up from the rascals below to see how matters go on here, and now know, by the silence, that all is well, or, at least, pretty well. And that tells badly, too, for my men on the beach. They have been either beaten back, or eluded: the latter, I think; nay, any thing else is impossible. And see; the petticoat scout now returns to make her report."

The figure was indeed quickly descending, and soon faded from our eyes.

"Well," I resumed, after rather a long pause between us, during which I am sure we were thinking of very different matters: "'tis worth any thing at all to be *here*, at this hour, lying on our chins on this fine precipice, over the sea, with a gusty breeze around us, unknown in the flat world of villages and towns below, and the sea-birds that your men's pistols have frightened from their sleep, flitting and sweeping like birds in dreams, half-way from us to the sea, and the mysterious sea itself working and

throeing away, away, without sound or apparent motion, but still in its endless labour—in the moonless and starless dark, we can't tell where, or how, or why, or——

"Stop—I beg your pardon—that 's all very pretty—but I think I see a rope over the cliff," interrupted your brother; "all very pretty, I say; only, ever since I became midshipman, with more of the sea, and all about it, than you can now enjoy, to contemplate at my leisure, I have often preferred my hammock—I 'll read it with you, any day you like," he continued, rising; "now I want to look at this—ay, I thought so! some of their tackle left behind—see!"

I followed him a few paces. He had in his hand a thick rope, which was secured in the soil at our feet by iron hooks, and which fell tight over the edge of the cliff:—and there 's another," he continued, pointing a few yards onward, "and are both laden, or empty? let 's try: a hand, here!"

I grasped the first discovered rope with him, and we began to pull at it together, might and main. We succeeded in getting up a few coils: but while all my strength was lavished upon a renewed effort, I suddenly felt my arms secured

by two men at least, and at the same time I knew that my friend, behind me, could ejaculate, and — Heaven forgive him — imprecate a little, as he did, only because he was treated in the same unceremonious way.

"Want to know as what the baskets be loaded or empty, Lieutenant?" demanded a strange and deep voice, though not an ill-tempered one; "try, then, you and your friend Mr. Mutford!" And while we manfully and vainly resisted, dear Graves, as men, and vain ones might, I call earth and sea to witness, that we were forced separately into the separate baskets at the ends of the two ropes, which our accommodating eavesdroppers promptly hauled up to the table-land, dropped without an apology down the face of the cliff, and permitted to descend, cautiously and providently, to save us, I suppose, from chance buffets against the chalk—(now hard enough, notwithstanding my former poetical objections. And so, down and down we swung: we, I own; for I have reason to know that your brother accompanied me, at a little distance, in his own particular basket, though, at the time, I own I did not see him — no, nor think of him either, nor scarcely care about him; my chief soli-

citude being exercised in clinging close to the rope of my personal destiny, keeping myself steady in my aërial bark of osier, and petitioning Heaven, that, as I rested an instant on a frail projection, or slid down an inward curving of the smuggler's desperate track, or swung at the mercy of my guardian angel's and of their hands, I might not become shingle-material, or at the best, a morsel of breakfast for the next shore-exploring young shark.

Let me not boast. I had not my presence of mind at hand at the moment that I must have safely touched the beach ; and nothing do I remember till I found myself close by your brother, hurried onward by the sea's edge. I believe the considerate scoundrels had suffered to find its way down my throat a drop or two of brandy. Certainly, though my ideas continued a little confused, my bodily strength became recruited ; not sufficiently, however, to even attempt to resist the over-mastering force which hurried me along, ancle deep in the shingles at one moment, at the next running over the smooth, cool sand ; and it appeared that your brother was equally incompetent to control his involuntary motion.

" What do you want ?" I heard him ask.

"Mean you no harm, Lieutenant," some one answered him; "and all we want is Sam Geeson, out of your tower, 38,—to let him go to work for his old mother, to-morrow morning."

"He shall stay there till he is removed to —— jail," replied Alexander.

"We 'll see, Sir," croaked a second voice, though still not savagely; and they continued to help us along.

"Have a care what you are about," resumed Lieutenant Graves, "my men will meet you, here."

"Never fear, Sir," returned the first speaker.

"The scoundrels! have they run from you?"

"Didn't say that, Lieutenant; but the coast be clear, at any rate. Have you never in your life followed a false chase, yourself, Sir?"

Alexander allowed an impatient and bitter ejaculation to escape him. There was a pause—I mean in speaking, only:—and I ventured to ask—"And what have *I* done? what do you want of *me*?"

"You, Sir? Nothing at all; only, as it happens you be the lieutenant's friend, by his side when we borrowed him, we want to keep you and him together, don't you see, just to keep

you from not remembering to tell people where he might be found, supposing you to have your own way, you know."

"Oh, I know," I said; and on still they forced us — no matter how gently, until at length we stopped at a point at the base of the bare cliff, where rude steps—perhaps twenty of them,— ascended to a yawning orifice, some ten feet high, and six broad. The tide was only beginning to come in; otherwise we could not have gained this spot: for, dark as it was, I saw the damp mark of high-water more than half way up the steps.

We ascended to the opening of the cave,— as such it proved to be, though an artificial one. We first entered an outward chamber, or, if you like, anti-room, lower than the height of the entrance. Here all was pitchy darkness. A light gleamed further inward, and a man, who, I presume, had expected us, presently appeared standing in a kind of archway, a lantern in his hand. Obeying some friendly hints, we approached him, and he ushered us, through the archway, into a rather spacious and lofty apartment. I do not say that it was of any particular form, square, or round, or oblong, or that its ceiling was flat, or coved; it bore how

ever, at a glance, the features of a handycraft excavation, or, at least, of a natural one much modified, if not enlarged. There were recesses, shaped into shelves, around its walls, if so they are to be called; there were others, with a seat left, certainly for resting the limbs; and there was a large flat platform in about the middle of the chamber, apparently to serve as a bed, with or without other appurtenances. Moreover I descried hundreds of inscriptions on the sides of the sea-cavern; some, names only; others, more profuse effusions, yet to be deciphered, and comprehended, and admired.

"What thieves' den is this?" asked Alexander, of the only man who now visibly attended on us.

"Never heard of Arthur's hole, Sir?" demanded the fellow, in return, touching his hat quite obsequiously, and smiling. Your brother impatiently answered that he had not; I, that I had; as, indeed the local fame of the place did not fail to reach my ears during my gossiping inquiries at the village, after every thing, of every body; though this was my first visit to Arthur's hole. And I proceeded to inquire if it had not been made a good while since by

an eccentric clergyman, whom some people considered a little mad, partly to serve himself as a retreat from the world, partly to hold out a chance refuge to the crews of ships which might be wrecked on that dangerous point of the coast?

"All right, what I said," the man observed; "and it was hard to tell if it had ever done any ship's crew any good, during the life of its owner, though here he used to sit, every stormy night, showing as much light, seaward, as might be seen a good way off; lately, however, to our informant's own knowledge, the crew of the Lord Crandon, an East-Indiaman, would have perished to a man, but that Arthur's hole was at hand when she struck; in fact, her bowsprit had run into the outward mouth of the excavation, and thus many hands were enabled to jump on the floor, abroad, and secure her cable; otherwise the poor people of the coast might have witnessed as fine a wreck as the winds and waves ever sent them."

"And was it known what causes had driven the reverend Arthur to live alone, in the cave?" I went on to ask, while your brother flung himself, sitting, into a recess.

I was answered that he did not always live here, but only on very stormy nights, at home or abroad, as it happened.

"What did that mean?"—

"Why, when he thought the wind was high enough on the sea to drive in a ship or a boat, he came to his cavern to try and do good, though it might be a calm at home; and just as often, a storm at home sent him here, fair weather or foul, for peace-sake." Still I pressed for an explanation, and the fellow added, with a grin, that the poor parson used to have a wife at home.

Lieutenant Graves changed the conversation by demanding if his friend and himself were to be detained in this place?

He was told that young Sam Geeson, the carpenter, had a good many relations and friends, and that they would be very much obliged if the Lieutenant relented a little towards him.

And who dared to keep him, Alexander, a prisoner, in Arthur's hole, provided he did not relent?

Every one would be sorry to do any such thing; and yet, abundance of those friends and relations waited in the outer room to strike a bargain with the lieutenant: and if that bar-

gain were not quickly entered into, the sea itself would then dare to hinder us from getting home for the night: though it was only to say that Sam was free, and we might all leave Arthur's hole with scarce a wet shoe, as the tide had only just begun to turn.

"Go out to your cousins, and brother-worthies," said Alexander; and when our attendant had obeyed his command, he asked my opinion of what was to be done, first giving his own views.

"I have no great quarrel with this Sam Geeson," he said, "and don't see that he has done much, after all, to get into the clutches of the law, and have his stupidity magnified to something enormous: so, on that account I feel little zeal to hold him in durance in my martello tower, particularly as he retaliates by keeping me, and you along with me, in Arthur's hole. But here is my difficulty. Sam will be connected, right or wrong, with the smuggling adventures of this night; and if I send word to the tower to have him shoved across the bridge, folk may say that I liberated a smuggler out of fear for myself."

"And that, while a huge falsehood, would not eventually serve you," I replied. "Cannot

you arrange the matter thus? Let the law have him, and charge what it likes against him, but do you fail to support that charge, and Sam must be enlarged."

"And promise to that effect, to those smugglers?"

"Yes; and at once; to guard against waiting the tide's leisure for an escape from this den."

"I should still leave myself open to the accusation of compromising my duty," replied your brother: "but let us see. My friends at the helm, in London, are kind as well as able friends; I will write to them, plainly stating the whole affair: and I make no doubt that some apprehensions for my personal safety, as well as for your's, in the same trap with me, and on my account, will urge them to give me permission to adopt the course you suggest: meantime, until an answer arrives to my letter, I can go very near pledging my word to master Geeson's friends and relations that, although I allow him to be paraded before a magistrate, he shall encounter no prosecution at my hands."

I applauded this course, as the very best to be taken, under the circumstances. Your brother called in our jailor, and signified it to him.

The man again withdrew into the outer chamber of the excavation; again appeared before us, and announced that all was right, provided the Lieutenant gave the promise in writing. After a moment's demur, Alexander consented. The sole question then was about pen, ink, and paper: and the tide raising its voice among the nests of black rocks a short distance from Arthur's hole, began to warn us that it was time to go and seek those articles somewhere else, since they did not seem at hand where we were.

Your brother, innocently enough, I thought —for certainly he meant to keep faith with the smugglers—proposed repairing, at once, to his tower. Our diplomatist smiled, and remarked that there was a gentleman's house, near at hand, where we would be sure to be accommodated; and thither we had better go, as, he believed, means had been taken—though harmless ones—to beckon the Lieutenant's men off the straight road to it. Alexander saw he must consent, for still the admonitions of the tide grew louder and hoarser.

Accordingly, once more escorted by the friends who had received us out of our baskets at the bases of the Three Williams, we descend-

ed the steps of Arthur's hole, and walked a good distance along the shingles, still, however, farther and farther from Alexander's tower. They kept us close under the cliff, and appeared more watchful than their assertions of a clear coast seemed to justify. The line of the cliff grew low, and they moved on with increased caution, making us do the same. It swept down, a little way before us, almost to the level of the shingles, and arose again, at some distance, leaving an opening or gap from the sea into the wild and broken land. Suddenly, we all stopped hiding behind a projecting rock.

"We be sure you knows the good of holding your tongue, now, for a moment, Lieutenant Graves," whispered a surly-browed though well-dressed man, of our escort—I recognized him—he was the husband of our first landlady, at the sea-houses.

"I suppose I must be silent, though I see what you mean," answered Alexander; "that 's one of Lieutenant Oglis's men at the other side of the Gap, and his watch-house cannot be many yards distant."

"Right and wrong, in a breath, Sir," ob-

served our kind acquaintance of Arthur's hole; "one of Mr. Oglis's men, sure enough, though the watch-house be not so near as you think of; and we 've only to get him out of the way, and the pen and ink shall be yours."

"If you hurt the man I will give the alarm, though you murder me among you," resumed your brother.

"Never fear, Sir, never fear; you'll just look on, quietly, that 's all."

The speaker separated himself from his friends, as if he were to come to issue with the man-o'-war's man single-handed, and began to creep clear of the cover of the rock, which hitherto had screened us all from hostile observation. The object of his attention stood, as Alexander had said, at the other side of the gap, close by the edge of the again gradually rising cliff; and he stood there, quite still, his straw-hat and white trousers forming patches against the deep, dead-colour of the sea and sky. Doubtless, the noise of the bursting waves upon the shingles, must have exclusively filled his ears; and he seemed to gaze in solitary meditation upon them, except that now and then his head was slowly turned in the inland direction of, I con-

jectured, his watch-house, perhaps to observe if his comrades yet approached to relieve him on his lonesome post.

It seemed impossible to me that our single adventurous smuggler could surprise this well-armed man; nay, that any number of our guards could secure him, without violence. The same opinion was whispered to me by Alexander. We could only look on, however, attentively.

In a few moments, the smuggler, after creeping quite close by the base of the cliff, at his side of the gap, clambered up from the shingles into a sloping rent of the chalk, and we lost sight of him. Some time now elapsed in suspense, while we all watched the sentinel of the waves. He turned suddenly on his heel, and with his back to us paced on his walk. His figure was blurring and mixing with the darkness, when he turned again, faced us, strode back nearly to his first stand, and after another look inland, resumed his set gaze at the sea. There was, however, a slight change in his position, and of course in its accompaniments. Immediately at his left shoulder, the land now fell abruptly to the cliff, at right angles, and at the other side of its line I conjectured there was

also a descent. I was right. The smuggler, after having doubtless taken a wide range to avoid crossing the gap, slowly put up his head over that line, and we were wondering what he would do, when he jumped upon the sentinel, seizing him tightly in his arms, and dragging him to the ground. This seemed the signal for others to come to his aid. Master Brown, snatching a large folded sack from the shoulders of a man before him, and saying to your brother, "Never fear, still, Sir; it be only an old trick," bounded to his comrade's side, two others following him. Then we all moved slowly towards the scene of exploit; and when your brother and I arrived there, no man-o'-war's man was visible, only the sack instead, on the ground, well filled, tied hard at the neck, and rolling about, as if of its own accord. I could scarce repress my laughter at the sight; and I saw that as your brother stared curiously at the grotesque object, he had as much difficulty in keeping a stern disapproving frown on his brow.

Our conductors now expressed their belief that if they had but a van or a fly at hand, we might gain our destination without farther impediment. And even as they spoke, a fly came

noiselessly, though rapidly, down a falling valley, which opened before us, and as it drew near, I recognized in its driver my old friend Mas'r Fox.

"Good night, good night," he said, approaching us; "has any one seen my company, hereabouts? I be blowed, but I 'm afeard all 's not right with the poor gentlefolk: they left me here, at about twelve o'clock to-day, to go a pleasure-boating, and ——"

"Never you mind, Mas'r Fox," interrupted Master Brown, "here be another and as good a load for you, so, your time bayn't lost."

"What! who?" demanded Fox, jumping down; "bless me, if it ain't our new Lieutenant at our tower! and Mr. Mutford, too! Well, I be blowed!"

"Up with you," exhorted Brown.

"Take care what you 're a-doing, lads," remonstrated Master Fox, seriously, "against these gentlefolk and myself; it 's a shame for you all, I tell you."

"Go along, or the fly must go without you," persisted Brown; "jigger me, but I think you be turning jest into earnest, you be chawing about it so long."

And with various other ejaculations, and

many sighs, Fox continued to play his innocent part, calling on me, all the time he helped me into his fly, with your brother and three of the smugglers (a fourth was to sit beside him, on his perch) to take notice how much against his will, and how much in the teeth of his lawful calling, at this hour of the night, he was forced—&c.

"Get along with you up to Mr. Linnock's house," were the directions given to our charioteer; and away we rolled over the springing sod, now ascending, now descending, lumps and sweeps of wild grazing ground only around us; not a tree, a road, a house in sight; and I must notice that I could not help enjoying the strange ride, with its strange scenery and companionship, animate and inanimate, and its occasion; and the cheery breeze that we cut through, and the low-built and almost starless heavens over our heads.

In half an hour, perhaps, we got upon a rude road, or track; and in another, entered a most isolated village,—a few cottages built at the bases of two confronting little hills, and continuing and ending with their short sweep. It was past eleven o'clock, as our watches informed us; yet few of the inmates of this solitary ham-

let seemed yet retired to rest. Feeble lights glimmered through most of the windows of the low-roofed houses; and as our fly clattered by, many a head, male and female, was thrust observantly through the half closed doors. I accounted to myself for the late hours kept by the primitive inhabitants upon this night.

We left the village behind us, and proceeded under the shelter of a row of trees, occasionally, but as often over unplanted, uncultivated, and unenclosed ground. A good-sized house appeared before us, blackening against the sufficiently black sky; and, unlike the bustling hamlet, not sending us an inviting ray from its windows. We passed thatched and tiled buildings, seemingly belonging to it, and pools of water, peered into each by a stunted thorn or oak. We arrived at a wall which surrounded it, or rather at a gate-way in the wall; but the gate, apparently in a neglected condition, offered no impediment to our progress, and we entered a spacious though littered yard, and drew up before the house, welcomed by a strange mixture of sounds; the hoarse barking and baying of dogs of monstrous size and hideous aspects, the cursing of men and boys of the establishment to keep them quiet, or at

least guiltless of our blood, and the merry tingling of a piano-forte within the house, interrupted now and then by the merrier notes of female laughter.

I glanced up at the windows of the building. They were secured with substantial-looking shutters, within, and iron bars, without; one of our conductors knocked at a door, for admission. It was not in the front of the house, nor like a chief-entrance door, but lay in one of the many angles of the uncouthly-built edifice, and was low, narrow, and arched at top; yet it seemed the only one of which we could avail ourselves. It opened. A woman, tidily dressed, a maid servant, as I afterwards found, appeared at it, with a candle. Master Brown, after whispering to me, "Pray, Mr. Mutford, forget you have known *me* before," requested permission of Mrs. Linnock to write a line, on important business. She retired; and soon reappeared with another female, a young, pretty, laughing, fashionably-attired, and not very vulgar-mannered girl, who said, addressing us, that her father was from home, but in his name, she offered us the accommodations we required; and she paused at the door, as if to usher us, herself, into the house.

Perhaps your brother had previously felt some reluctance to pass in; now he stepped down readily, however, with a smiling face; I quickly followed him. Miss Eliza Linnock, as I afterwards learned was her name, taking little notice of me—(I did not wonder—nor was I jealous of your gallant-looking brother)—stood aside at the door, and motioned him forward. At the sight of a narrow, crooked passage, vaulted over head, he hesitated an instant. "Come," she said, laughing,

> "On Heaven and on thy lady call,
> And enter the enchanted hall!"—

And answering her, by going on with the quotation, he crossed the threshold of his present prison, I meekly following him.

Miss Eliza, tripping lightly along the flagged passage, opened a door to the left, and showed us into a small parlour: only one of the Smugglers accompanied us, and he was one of those with whom we had held no previous communication—if indeed we had seen his face before. Candles were on a table, but still pen, ink, and paper did not appear; our young hostess, however, promised to return with them; and leaving us a moment, came back, indeed, bearing a

nice rose-wood writing-desk, which she recommended as her own; and then she withdrew a second time.

"You wait for this undertaking I've promised?" your brother asked of the mute though not unobservant Smuggler. The man nodded, politely, as no doubt he thought. Alexander soon wrote it, read it out, and handed it to him. "It was all right—but would Lieutenant Graves be so good-natured as just to write another line to his men, at the tower, telling them to let young Geeson go before the magistrate, without delay?"

"I can manage all that, myself," answered Alexander, "as I shall be at my tower as soon as any one else could get to it for me—tell the little lad who drove us here that we are ready for another ride."

"That little lad be gone home, Sir," said the Smuggler. Your brother stormed unmeasuredly at poor Master Fox. And what was to be done, then? Would the people of the house we were in supply us with horses—or were there any at hand—suppose in the hamlet we had passed? or could we be guided a-foot to his tower? How far was it off?"

Six miles, by the shortest cut: though it

made little difference how far or how near it might be: surely Lieutenant Graves did not think of seeing it again until an answer could come to the letter he proposed writing to London? or until Sam Geeson was a free man, at all events?

Alexander now began to open his eyes, and along with a good deal of exclamation, and of reprehension of the whole gang of Smugglers, demanded to know what was meant? He was forthwith satisfied. Sam Geeson was a person much esteemed among his friends, on account of many useful as well as good qualities, and all who now interceded for him felt themselves bound to get him out of trouble, without leaving a doubt of failure. They could not even tell but that Lieutenant Hood might inconvenience him with some old charges, if an example were set; or perhaps other folk; who could say?—Besides, he was wanted, at present, by some who occasionally gave him work to do, on particular business; and in fact, it had been resolved to befriend him in a downright in-earnest way.

Your brother now showed little of his former vexation and impatience. His features became resolutely composed, and bending a look on the

Smuggler, he said—"I am unarmed — but let me see if I shall be opposed in endeavouring to leave this house: stand back, my lad."

He was passing to the door of the room. The man offered no resistance, but quietly besought him to listen to a word of reason. Alexander stopped impatiently; and the Smuggler went on. It had been voted, he said, and was a settled thing, that he should not go at large, at present; and he would find himself baffled in any attempt to regain his liberty. For that night, and for the next day, and for every night and day that he awaited an answer to his London letter, people were to keep waiting by the high wall of the yard, without, and by the walls of the gardens and the orchard of the house, so as to watch him closely: and if he did not remain content with his present lodgings, why, they were to take him back to Arthur's hole; that is, the very first time he should try to escape.

"So—and Mr. Linnock, and his family are to be my jailors?" demanded your brother—"they connive at this impudent outrage?"

That was a mistake: both Mr. Linnock and his brother, who lived along with him, were in London on business, would stay there some

time,—long enough for seeing out the present arrangements,—and so could never have an opportunity of interfering till every thing should be settled peaceably, and, therefore, no one ought to blame those gentlemen; and as to the young ladies of the house, it had been represented to them by this time that Lieutenant Graves and his friend, Mr. Mutford, had particular reasons for wishing to pass a few days in close retirement in the country, and would trespass on their hospitality in consequence; and, doubtless, the young ladies, with their mother's consent, would behave genteelly; and the speaker was sure that Lieutenant Graves was too much of a gentleman to give any other account of the transaction to the Miss Linnocks, so as to frighten them and their mother, and also another young lady,—a perfect lady, indeed,—who lodged in the house, to say nothing of the maid-servants; and surely no more need be said to show that every thing had been done for the best with a view to the Lieutenant's comforts; and——

With an impatient and contemptuous word your brother at length broke short the orator's discourse, and issued from the room. I closely

followed him. We met no interruption in the passage, now dark, nor at the outer door, nor yet in the yard, excepting a proposed attack of the three or four ravenous watch-dogs of monstrous breed, who were checked and dragged back by persons issuing from a stable built within the walls of the yard. At the gateway, by which we had entered the premises from the open country, some demur occurred, however. Its neglected gate now appeared closed, and well though rudely secured, and half-a-dozen men stood beyond the bars; Alexander and I strove to open it, it baffled our effort; he called out to the men, who looked on silently, to assist him.

"They had no orders," they answered.

"Let 's climb," he resumed.

"No one wants to hurt you, Sir," said a voice; "but don't you climb, if you bayn't mad to get back to Arthur's hole."

"Rascals! I 'll have my turn yet, at you all!" said Alexander, looking impatiently round the formidable wall which encompassed us.

"Oh, no, Sir; you 'll think better of it," replied another man, as we hastily walked back to the house. The entrance-door was open, as we had left it, and in a few seconds we again

confronted the pertinacious plenipotentiary of the smugglers in the little parlour.

"Well, Sir; I will write my letter to London, and that 's all," said your brother.

"And the line or two for the tower, Sir?"

"Not a word; let that young bravo take his chance; and, at least, I shall not be the fool to set him at large while you dare to keep me as a prisoner."

"There 's our word of honour, Lieutenant Graves,——"

Your brother laughed out, suddenly and heartily, and "Confound your impudence!" he said; "but no matter, begone about your business, and let me write at once to London."

"I 'm to wait for the letter, Sir."

"You are!" and Alexander stared, and was again growing stern and angry.

"Yes, Sir; just to see that it will give no hint of where your friends might find you, supposing them of a mind to get you, by the strong hand, instead of exchanging you for poor Sam."

In fact, our resolute captors would have their way; and Alexander at length handed an open letter to the fellow, obtaining his promise to seal and forward it by post as soon as it should

have undergone the scrutiny of the friends of Master Geeson.

We were then left alone; and your brother, when he had once or twice consulted my face, resumed his merriment. I joined him, and we absolutely enjoyed our situation, the Miss Linnocks and all.

"And what next?" he said to me; "what *are* we to be ordered to do next?"

"A bit of supper, gentlemen?" almost answered Miss Eliza Linnock, tripping in; "you are fatigued, by all I hear, and stand in need of it. Pray allow me to ask your company into the next room, where my mother and my sister wait to have the pleasure of being introduced to you; and we are all happy to see you, and regret that our father and uncle are not at home to say so too: pray oblige us."

With a side glance to me, Alexander arose forthwith, graciously offered his arm, and led the lady out; I followed as I might. We entered a spacious though not lofty old-fashioned apartment, where a well-lighted and well-furnished supper table incontrovertibly appeared in smiling readiness; it was even tastefully as well as substantially laid out. An elderly, plain-habited, homely-mannered, sensible, mo-

therly, housewifely-looking woman sat at the head; and Miss Linnock, wearing a fashionable evening-dress, like her sister, that is,—for I dread falling into mistakes,—one that left her neck and arms as bare as possible, stood at the grand piano-forte, of which the music had blessed our ears the moment we got a near view of the house, carelessly and not unskilfully touching the keys. Duly were we presented by Miss Eliza, and with all ceremony and graciousness did we take our places; and then, with the appetites of young and destitute sharks, did we engage the good things on the table, good wines and all; and I call your brother to witness that they *were* good, and French, and befitting the season, and one of them champagne, and of god-like quality.

Miss Linnock was some sad years the senior of our first specimen of the family; and whether on that account, or from natural character, grave and well-governed accordingly. Yet she smiled too, but it was in a merely good-natured fashion, mixed up, perhaps, with a little more rustic and homely consciousness than troubled her sister, fresh home from a boarding school—a "finisher." The old mamma did not smile at

all, but on the contrary sighed (though I do not say her daughters never sighed at all) as if her honest housewifely heart were oppressed with calculations of the business of to-morrow. But no matter. Your brother and I devoured and hob-nobbed, and laughed, and said capital things, just as if we had been born for that very night and that very situation. And renounce your friend for ever, if Mrs. Linnock did not give a toast—"The gentlemen's healths, and escape from all troubles!" and if Miss Eliza did not add, with a racy look and air of coquetry, at your brother—"and the other poor gentleman's speedy recovery, and may the lady be grateful to her champions!" (thus insinuating her knowledge of our reasons for living incog., a few days in the country!) and if—at I don't know, and who cares, what a o'clock—Alexander and I didn't go singing into our comfortable bed-rooms—the former having kissed Miss Eliza before her own and her mother's and her sister's faces, ere we turned up stairs.

Now there's an evening, or rather a night and a scrap of a morning for you, after all our perils of the cliff, the sea, and Arthur's hole.

And the first sound I heard in the morning was emitted by your brother, laughing till I feared he was hysterical, in his bed, (separated from mine only by a thin partition,) over the successively coming recollections of the recently-passed. And here I must stop, dear Graves, to go to supper again, upon the second evening of our happy captivity. To-morrow morning I shall continue—perhaps in a changed tone, for I have, indeed, a changed subject before me.

Yes, dear Graves, changed indeed, as, from experience and misgivings of myself, I prophesied last night. And yet this is caused as much perhaps by exhaustion of spirits, of mere animal spirits, as by distinct occurrence; and yet, again, I am not sure of that.

Man's bosom—read it for him some angel!—assuredly he cannot read it for himself: or, are the bosoms of all or of most other men calmly legible to their own eyes, and mine, alone, a blur, or a Sibyl's leaf to me? I have called what I now allude to, a pleasing event—is it? I cannot answer, if 'tis of myself I ask the question; nor can you, without some informa-

tion, if 'tis of you I ask it. Well: a few words will be enough—oh, in how very few can the most swelling and fateful haps of life ever be told! Life itself! two words describe its (perhaps) only two important acts—its act of living, and its act of dying—and then———— But I am an ass. I write myself down one, without waiting for the contingency of Dogberry's aspirations; that is, for you to do it, Graves: and, to make an end, it is—to be sure it is—a woman! and I need not have told you; you guessed it before; the "other lady—the perfect lady, indeed, who lodged in the house:" young, not beautiful, but better than that; of lower stature than—than Miss Eliza Linnock! and yet Alps above her: quiet, smiling, thoughtful; an informed and self-knowing spirit of good and of power; sunshine upon *me*, dear Graves! Rich, gentle spring sunshine, out in a leafy place, all freshly dyed with green; my only other comforting, till I met her, since————

No; I have stopped to think (for the first time? answer, yourself)—and love has *not* burst the grave; that unnamed, that nameless grave!

I will be a note-taker, simply, for you, dear

Richard. Yesterday morning we—that is, your brother and I, and the Misses Linnock; their mother was "busy about the house—" seemed to wait breakfast for some one. We stood at a window, which, looking across the yard, commanded a door in a side wall, that, as I was told, led into the garden. That door opened, and *she* appeared, followed by an elderly female, an attendant or companion, approaching the house. "Oh, here they come, at last!" cried Miss Eliza; "and now for breakfast." Almost as she spoke *they* entered the room. Our young ladies curtsied, and wished "good morning to Lady Ellen! and to Mrs. Planche; and hoped Lady Ellen's health was better; and that her walk in the garden had agreed with her;" and gentle and obliging answers came from both the persons addressed, and to breakfast we sat down.

Our hilarious spirits, and almost romping demeanour, underwent a correction. It was not reserve on the part of the new-comers which effected this; for, though they sat close together, and rather detached from us all, at table, reserved they were not: no, but it was the different kind of thought, and feeling, and manner,

which they brought into the room, and which imperceptibly spread over us like a fresh air—a new atmosphere. Lady Ellen put down at her side a little volume which she had been reading in the garden. Miss Eliza, aware of its contents, spoke of their merits a little flippantly, but not very ignorantly, nor in a tone of assumed equality of intellect: her lodgers replied; I hazarded an opinion; it was not treated superciliously, or with neglect; the topic continued; changed; I felt myself talking in the way that you sometimes praise, dear Graves; and it was long after breakfast before Lady Ellen and her highly-intelligent companion left us, to withdraw into the apartments sacred to them in the house.

I did not laugh much when they had gone. I wanted to ask questions about them, but the state of my acquaintance even with the Misses Linnock scarce permitted such a liberty. Miss Eliza supplied, however, some information, unasked.

"Poor Lady Ellen! it was a sad thing to see her separated from her family, on account of ill-health, and the doctor's recommendation to live in pure country air, and lead the quietest

life possible, for some time; to be sure, she was well attended by Mrs. Planche and her own servants, and Mrs. Linnock and her daughters did all they could to make her comfortable; still the poor young lady must often feel quite sad and downcast, and no wonder."

"But Lady Ellen was visited by her friends?" I conjectured.

"Why, yes, by her father and younger brother, now and then."

"And by her mother and sisters, of course?"

"Oh, her mother was dead; and, as to her sisters, they are most generally out in the world, —in town,—at least they had been, for the few months of Lady Ellen's residence in the country: *their health required no looking after*," Miss Eliza added, expressively glancing at Miss Linnock.

"Nor other people's health, perhaps, if the truth were known, Eliza," remarked Miss Linnock; and then, with a laugh, Miss Eliza changed the subject, calling on Alexander, who amused himself opening and shutting her reticule, to tell her the names and qualities of her cabinet of shells.

A little devil of restlessness — one of my

attendant cloud of them—took possession of me. Here was an insinuation that the young Lady Ellen—I believe she is not seventeen—had been sent into retirement by her family upon the *pretence*, only, of ill-health ; " and certainly she does not look to be an invalid."

I added—her friends then must have had some reason for displeasure against her—what reason ?—how could one so young, so gentle, so intellectual, and, to all seeming, so good, offer them a sufficient one ? — An attachment contrary to their wishes ? My spirit started, as if at a reptile in its path, and I valorously and very sensibly hated and longed to kill some one—I could not exactly tell myself who : and so continued, till I caught a sight of my foolish, ay, and plain, face, in a mirror, and then I laughed at Michael Mutford in my sleeve, and turned on my heel from him to a window, leaving your brother and Miss Eliza at their conchology, in a far corner of the room ; Miss Linnock had withdrawn, also to be " busy about the house," I presume.

" The only rational curiosity I ought to indulge," said I, " would lead me to ask, who *are* her friends ?" but this point her young hostesses

had seemed to shun, else why not have prattled on it? surely nothing but good reasons could have stopped *them?*—and again I felt it would be impertinent in me to question any one upon the subject. Suppose I put it all out of my head, as a matter I really had very little to do with? and Alexander offered me the opportunity by tapping me on the shoulder, and speaking; for Miss Eliza, in a little fit of displeasure, I believe, at something he had said or done, had now followed her sister.

"A joke's a joke, Mutford," he said, "and I can give and take, in that way, as well as any one: and 'tis pleasant enough living here, into the bargain, if one had time for that agreeable girl; but it strikes me I ought not to sit down quietly, this morning, without another attempt to return to my duties; so, come out with me; and if these smuggling, humbugging scoundrels still present a really overpowering force, or if there be really no way of eluding them, or of sending word to my friends on the coast, or to a magistrate, why then, I suppose, we must await my letter from London, and laugh away the interval as well as we can, with the still more pleasing prospect of having, in it, and in

some occurrences that have gone before it, food for laughing at, any time during our life to come."

We sallied out into the yard, accordingly. Our first observation told us that the high wall which surrounded it afforded but one egress into the open country: the gate, namely, at which we had tried our skill the night before. We approached that: it was still well fastened, and seven or eight men, divided into two groups, appeared lounging near it. Again your brother called to them to allow us to pass. They kept their backs turned, as if tender of their faces, in the daylight, and said nothing, but contented themselves and him by shaking their heads.

"I 'll try them, however," he said; "they surely will not kill me, at a blow,"—and with great agility, he clambered over the gate, and jumped down, on the outside. Three of the men instantly seized him; and without a word in reply to his loud words, put him over the gate again, and dropped him at my side. The moment this was done, they stepped quickly out of our view to one side of the gate; its piers and the wall hiding them; and gave him to understand, that for this time, and just to allow

him leisure to know what was for his good, they would give him his choice between Mr. Linnock's house and Arthur's hole; but warned him not to cross bounds again.

We saw some other men and boys looking at and enjoying this scene from the door and window of the solidly-constructed stable in a corner of the yard. Alexander walked to them, and made a lively appeal to their sense of justice, and to their fear of God and of the laws, and as the servants of an honest man, Mr. Linnock, and demanded their assistance in recovering his liberty. The fellows now kept their faces very grave, and assured him, that they, themselves, were afraid of opposing the strange men abroad —people from Rye, they believed, or some place a good way off: and they too had been advised not to pass the gate, or out of the premises: and the house stood in so lonely a spot, it would be impossible to escape for help, without being overtaken; and moreover, they did not like to frighten the ladies within, by letting them know that they were surrounded by a gang of smugglers, "desperate chaps, what did not care what they did;" and Mr. Linnock's male servants declared, in fact, that they could only

wait in hopes of their master's return; but if we were all to be kept in such a state of alarm till that event should occur, then, at least, we would all be righted.

Alexander, imposed upon by this rigmarole, bent his steps towards the door leading into the garden, protesting that any thing so lawless and audacious he could not imagine as of possible occurrence in England; any thing so audacious and so ridiculous, together: a house absolutely besieged by a set of smugglers, and the servants of it bullied into passiveness, and not allowed to pass its gate, and he, Alexander, and I, his friend, thrust into it, and made prisoners in it, upon false pretences, and its family blinded, as to the real cause of our intrusion, and prevailed upon to set their wits on end to entertain us. And here he very gravely asked me if I really thought that the mere fear of terrifying the Misses Linnock and their mother, and the lady lodgers, ought to keep us from telling the truth to Miss Eliza, and requesting her aid in restoring ourselves to the world?

I believe it was simply a fear on Lady Ellen's account which made me, at the moment,

as solemnly assure him that I thought we were in honour and gallantry bound (though Heaven knows how I should have reasoned the case, had he asked me) to abide for the present by the arrangements made by our captors. But I was rather surprised at Alexander's credulity, and could only explain it to myself by calling to mind that he was new, very new, in the coast service, and in the study of the ways and wiles and ramifications of smuggling, on a large scale. For my own part, I did not entertain a doubt of our true situation; nay, I had no hesitation on the subject before we left the little parlour, the previous evening. The plan of imposing a false story on Miss Eliza, her mother and sister, had sounded hollowly and vainly in my ears, the moment our diplomatic smuggler spoke the words: the insinuation, through the medium of toasts, at our good supper, that the family believed such a romance, did not deceive me, either; and, in plain words, I conjectured we were in Mr. Linnock's house, with Mr. Linnock's knowledge, and with that of his matronly wife and his clever daughters to boot, to say nothing of his servants of doubtful, amphibious character;

nor did I fully credit the anecdote of the absence of that gentleman in London, on business; no, nor believe in my heart of hearts, that the silk evening dresses of the Misses Linnock, had paid, out and out, our good King's duty.

And why not communicate my suspicions to Alexander? For a reason that ought to be somewhat obvious, dear Graves. Did he believe that he has been, and is entertained in a smuggler's strong-hold—by that smuggler's family—and all in league with the men who have dared to deprive him of his liberty, his sense of duty, as the King's officer, if not any other delicacy, would immediately suggest to him the necessity of cutting himself off from all friendly or social intercourse with Miss Eliza, her sister, her mother, and every one under her roof, and—since prisoner he must be—of holding himself reserved, and stern, and resentful, confined to his room perhaps, and, in fact, passing a very disagreeable time of it: and why need I enlighten him only to make him miserable, particularly when his delusion not only helps to cheer his lot, but also saves him from the imputation of acting wrong, in

allowing himself to be amused? Besides, I own an unwillingness to expose our kind hostesses to the future inconvenience which must result from his knowledge of what they are in the eyes of the law, and of all men-o'-war's men on the coast. Let him find out, at his leisure, if he can, that he has been asking little favours of a smuggler's younger daughter; I shall not be his informant: certainly not now: and I *do* farther confess a hope that Mr. Linnock and his amiable family may never be dropped, by open discovery, and close searching under the roof at present over us—into the talons of his Majesty's exchequer: so venial are their sins in my eyes. I wish, however, without robbing them, that I had the value, in good current coin, of the smuggled goods, "heavy" and "light," now in one house with me.

So, when I confirmed Alexander in his thought of the unmanliness of telling Miss Eliza that she was imposed upon—innocent girl!—by the story of his having been seconded by me in a duel with a rival, upon a lady's account, you see I *had* more reasons for my disingenuousness than apprehension, called up

by a recollection of the young and truly unsuspecting Lady Ellen. And yet, to save her from a discovery of what an unfit retreat her friends have chosen for her, while she is yet in it, and surrounded by the most disagreeable evidences of its unfitness, alone would certainly make me avoid all debate of the question likely to reach her ears. And upon this follows a resolution as to the future.

I *must* now make it my business to ascertain her name, and the residence of her friends, in the view of putting them, by some indirect hint, upon their guard against continuing her where she is. Meantime, let us return to our journal.

Alexander, after his useless appeal to the men and lads in the stable, led the way into the garden. It was a spacious one, though not tastily arranged, the upper part of it being devoted to flowers, the lower crowded with substantial vegetables. The flowers, however, seemed well taken care of, and among them were some rare ones; but that is not the subject at present. We found high walls on every side of us here also; I helped your brother to climb one of them at the most practicable

point, and by his conversation with certain individuals on the outside, I learned that it would be superfluous for him to jump over. Indeed, we tried a similar experiment, with the same results, at two or three other places in the garden; nay, we lifted the latch of a chinky, crazy, old oak-door which led into an extensive orchard, and still there were four walls around us, and sentinels abroad watching them.

"Then I 'll go make up my pretty little quarrel with Miss Eliza," said Alexander; "will you join me, Mutford?"

"No; you want no second in that affair. I will stroll away an hour among these groves of pear, apple, and cherry-trees," I said.

"Then help me to something uncommonly handsome to begin upon with her."

"Ask her to twine your fetters all over and over with roses."

"The very thing!—my fetters all over and over with roses;"—and he left me to pursue a new thought concerning him and his present situation which had just begun to come into my head.

"It is not merely to ensure Sam Geeson against being prosecuted for riotous and dis-

orderly conduct, that we are kept here," said I to myself; "much esteemed as the youth may be, such formidable measures would not be lavished upon that consideration; stop,—is there never another lugger to run in? or was that which we half-surprised the other night, quite "worked" before we came up?"

For some time I dwelt upon these suspicions; the lodgers in the house then re-occurred to me, and my surprise rose higher and higher at finding such an individual as the young Lady Ellen sent into such a retirement. Why had not her friends put her under the more seemly protection of persons of her own rank? Did they wish to hide her as well as to banish her from among them? And what cause but one could she have given for such mingled severity, unkindness, and mystery? Or what could possibly be their object but to cut off the pursuit of some lover unworthy of her, but whom she could not consent to forsake? Yes, another surmise half arose to my mind, but I flung it off in a rage against myself for allowing it to tempt me; it was, however,—no, I will not breathe it; not of such a creature.

Through an opening among the fruit-trees

I caught, over the garden-wall, a picturesque view of the upper part of Mr. Linnock's patched and piebald old mansion, with hills behind it, and light and shadow so playing upon the whole, as to form a tolerably good subject for a sketch. And I longed to sketch it; and assuring myself that Miss Eliza, the owner of an elegant rose-wood writing-desk, and of a shell glass-case, and half owner of a grand piano, could accommodate me with a scrap of drawing-paper and a black-lead pencil, I went into the house to see. Nor was I disappointed: it interrupted her *tête-à-tête* with your brother only half a minute to put these matters into my hands, and I returned to the orchard, sat down on the grass, and began my outline.

I must have been at work some time, for I had nearly done the sketch, finishing it pretty highly too, when I heard female voices near me, though I could not see the speakers. The accents of one were grave, impressive, consoling, and tender, alternately; those of the other complaining and sad. I had not time to listen long before they became visible to me, having cleared the groups of trees at first be-

tween us, and I saw Mrs. Planche and Lady Ellen walking slowly, arm in arm. My eyes became immediately riveted on my drawing. They must have quickly observed me, for they suddenly stopped speaking, and, I believe, walking too. Presently, however, I heard the soft noise of their feet in the grass, and they approached me, Mrs. Planche asking permission to look at my sketch. I got up, bowing profoundly, I believe, and holding the paper in one hand and my hat in the other. Much praise of my pencil then met my ear; and the plaudits of one of my critics, and her voice while she vouchsafed them, made me almost swear to give up the tragic for the graphic muse during my present endeavours to earn money by my wits. Graves, do *you* think me a first-rate artist?

Hitherto I had scarce looked into her face; she sighed wofully, and then I glanced up. Her arm was round Mrs. Planche's neck, who held the drawing, her head touching the good lady's shoulders, and tears trembled under her downcast lids, as she intently observed my production. She sighed again, and almost in a continuation of the exquisite sound, said,

"Very beautiful, indeed, dear Planche; how like what poor Augustus used to do!"

No matter what had been my ridiculous feelings, this tender praising of another man because *I* drew prettily, soon changed them into gall: and I knew not what I was going to say or do, when dear Planche, seemingly as much inconvenienced as I was, though in a different way, by the allusion to poor Augustus, rapidly remarked—"Yes, my love, —but come, come"—and then handing me my drawing, and returning thanks, in which Lady Ellen joined, she led the imprudent reminiscent rather abruptly to the garden. They were not out of hearing, however, before the young mourner allowed another expressive sentence to reach my attentive ears. "Oh Planche, where have they sent *him?* and will they never let us see each other again?" and then I am sure, I heard a fit of weeping.

You may be assured that these words, not to talk of finishing my sketch, fully kept me occupied till dinner-time, so that Alexander had a clear stage for me. There was now no doubt that I had been right in the mildest at least of my conjectures of the cause of offence given by

the gentle recluse to her family; and will you believe that I imagined myself as angry with her as any one of them could have been, accordingly?—Yes, you will believe it of me, for you begin to know me: to know of what a shaking together of the odds and ends of all human inconsistencies Michael Mutford is compounded.

But was this all I have had to puzzle me and keep me oscillating, yesterday? No, indeed. Something happened at dinner, or rather immediately after dinner—which then utterly surpassed, and now utterly surpasseth my comprehension.

"Mr. Mutford, Mr. Mutford!"—repeated Miss Eliza Linnock, after your brother had asked me to take wine—('twas white hermitage, Graves, worthy of the house we were in)—"Mutford—Mutford"—she went on, thoughtfully pausing; and here I observed that her lodgers looked attentively at me, and expressively at each other—"Mutford—Mutford!—excuse me, Sir, on so slight an acquaintance—but,—any thing to the Mutfords of Hastings or Brighton, pray?"—(honest smugglers, I reckon.)

Pardoning the little impertinence—for I be-

lieve I have not courage enough to resent those kind of freedoms, I answered that I did not think I had any relations so far south in England.

"Oh, then, Sir, we may call you a North-Briton? I guessed as much, once or twice, from a slight peculiarity in your accent."

"Not quite so far North, either," I said—"though I admit the slight peculiarity in my accent; I am a Yorkshireman."

"Of a Yorkshire family, Sir?" demanded Lady Ellen, almost out of breath.

"Yes, Madam; the Mutfords of—*(once upon a time)* Mutford Abbey."

With a whispered but earnest expression of surprise and interest, she turned to her elderly friend; I caught a cautionary glance and action, though the latter was scarce perceptible, directed by that person to her; she checked herself; bent her head; grew very pale—she had been very red;—and a few minutes after, both ladies withdrew.

Now, Graves, expound me that. I have laid it under my pillow, and cogitated it, and queried it, almost the whole of the last live-long night, and can make nothing out of it, positively

nothing: not as much as the shadow of a surmise. Why should Michael Mutford, sometime of Mutford Abbey, Yorkshire, startle, and make red, and white, and banish from her dessert, Lady Ellen—*whom?* That's the plain question. Or rather, there are two questions in one, for you. Who is she that I interest—that I am something to,—I know not what? Dear Augustus, unknown to myself, in a state of transmigration? *or* what?—or have I had a dear friend in him, and has he made his ears familiar with my name and my praises?—Let me think. No. The only Augustus I ever knew personally was Augustus Cæsar, our poor old black, who followed us from the West Indies; and he could not have been — before he died, last winter, of a rheumatic fever—the Othello of this gentle Desdemona.

In earnest, Graves, the circumstance much engrosses me, and you will not wonder. And I will find her out,—that I am determined upon; ay, although she and her female Mentor have not appeared at supper last night, nor at breakfast this morning; and although the Misses Linnock now plainly indicate that they had rather not discourse of their lodger by name,

having their tongues tied up—(who could imagine it possible!) by some arrangement with her avoiding family.

I 'll tell you, Graves. I do think that I have a kind of right,—at least, am rather at liberty, without getting myself deeply entangled in the hateful silk gossamer meshes of delicacy,—to request to be informed by what means Lady Ellen Unknown has become aware of my existence; or why a man of my name being alive seems to frighten her away from table. And so, upon the very next tolerable opportunity—by the fates and the mysteries, and I have such a one already!—this moment they pass arm and arm into the garden; I am after them.

* * * *

Returned from the garden, dear Graves; have addressed her, have been answered, and stand more confounded than ever. Is she mad? Horrible, horrible suspicion! Yet, *is* she—and is her strange seclusion and separation from her family, whoever they are, thus accounted for? Or upon what other grounds can I solve the earnest though vaguely expressed—and by me not at all understood—

notions which she has taken up with respect to me?

The whole thing has not lasted five minutes; I saw her and her companion as soon as I entered the garden; and they saw me at the same instant, for their eyes turned to me very expressively. Then Lady Ellen bent her looks on the ground, standing still, and holding Mrs. Planche's arm tight, so as to keep her stationary also. I walked up to them in some agitation, I suppose, saluted them at a little distance, and before we were quite close together began,

"May I take the liberty, Madam,——"

"Mr. Mutford," she interrupted, "do not, pray do not address *me* in that cold deferential manner; it pains me, indeed it does; do not talk of taking liberties; do not fear,—think, I mean,—you can do so in any thing you choose to say, even though I decline answering—for the present—all you may say; for it is I who ought to defer to you, to be in awe of you, while we converse a moment together:—however, Sir," she went on in a hurried manner, catching her breath, I standing a model for Katerfelto, "it may be better not to propose

any questions to me until a future occasion, much better. I believe I know what you wish to ask about, and that 's the reason I request, supplicate your forbearance;—pray hear me out,—there can be no harm in *my* asking a question of *you*, and I am sure you will reply to me; will you not, Sir?"

I stammered out something.

"Thanks, much obliged to you; here is my question, then, for you."

And here it is for *you*, Graves; and what think you of it?

"How is that excellent and injured man, your father?"

I said he had long been ill, but I hoped was gradually getting better.

"Oh, I am very glad to hear you say so;—will you allow me to go on? You have a sister, Mr. Mutford? a good, charming, enchanting creature, I am told; and she, too—is she well?"

Again I answered as aptly as I knew, or rather felt how.

"It gives me great and real pleasure to be told that, also; and now, Sir, a last freedom,—where does your family reside at present!"

I named the village for her, the street, the very house. She looked,—if her looks mean any thing—if, I repeat, they convey any thing in excitement but the vague glitter of madness,—she looked much astonished, perhaps a little alarmed, and exchanged a long and deep regard with her companion, then ended thus,

"Well, Sir, good bye; we may meet again,—if I live, with God's help, we *shall* meet again,—and I will pray to be made known to your sister, and ask her to love me, that is, after she has forgiven me: and you, too, Mr. Mutford, and your father;—oh, I could kneel to your father!—Farewell, Sir; think as well of me as you can, and ask your family to do the same; and of poor Augustus, too; indeed, Sir, *we* have never consciously injured you or yours, and that may be proved some day. Bless you, Mr. Mutford!"—Graves! she held out her hand, to me—"and pray, pray do not insist on knowing my name while you stay in this house!" and she walked rapidly out of the garden.

As I stood gazing, and, I suppose, gaping after her, Mrs. Planche added a few words, which completed my consternation.

"Mr. Mutford," she said, laying her hand on my arm, and looking up into my face, "be prudent, and take nothing for more than its just value;" and she, too, parted quickly away from me.

Now, Graves, what need I add to this? particularly as Miss Eliza has given me three summonses to dinner. Will her lodgers, or, I suppose, boarders rather, appear at table?

* * * *

No, they keep their apartments; "Lady Ellen is a little indisposed," and, I suppose, will meet me no more. So I must get out of this house as fast as possible, in order to discover who she is;—confound the smugglers! when, though? I have no more to say to you to-night, dear Graves, except it be right to inform you that Alexander and I have twice vainly repeated our attempts at the gate and the walls, in the course of the day and evening. Yes, I will own to his brother, that since my suspicions of the master-motives for keeping him here have sprung up in my mind, I suffer considerable uneasiness at a question often put to me by my conscience and my honour,—"Michael, why don't you communicate your bodings to Lieutenant Graves of

the blockade service? is not your silence something like aiding and abetting smugglers in their conspiracy and contrivances to throw him off his guard and keep him from his duty?"

I can only answer—"May I not be wrong in my suspicions?" and then come in all my former good arguments for holding my tongue—or nearly all. And on one little point I have enlightened him—ay, the instant after it began to gleam in my own brain, which was but a few hours ago—and utterly stupid have we both been not to have seen it long ago——"Lieutenant Graves," said I, "it just strikes me, that the constables and the magistrate must have applied at your tower for the body of Samuel Geeson, early upon the morning after his arrest; and your men would have had no power to detain him, you know; and so, if the magistrate may not have happened to have remanded him, till your appearance as prosecutor—"

"The rascal is now at large, and has been, since yesterday morning?—But, if so—recollecting that as it was only as hostages for him we were kidnapped—if so, why are you and I prisoners, still?"

"That 's nearly the question I want you to

consider," I replied. He looked thoughtful, and reddened slightly. I left him, as night began to fall, and as Miss Eliza fluttered in to shine upon him instead of the day, first to pen a few lines for you, dear Graves; and second—and now that I have done—to steal out into the garden, in what hope, you will conjecture. So, farewell for to-night, if I meet no one:—till after supper, if I do.

XII.

* * * * *

Wednesday morning—at home in my own little writing-chamber.

I *did* meet some one in the garden, Graves, and some one else, too, and another body, to boot, and perhaps another still, to be candid and particular with you. But neither of those whom I had gone out to meet. And yet, persons that keep me thinking a good deal.

Within the circles of time (goes it not so?) and of place, there are points in wait, as it were, for every one of us, from the moment of our birth—nay from *their* birth, the creation of time and of place—to mark the era and the whereabouts of that one event which above all others shall mould and stamp future destiny. But this is only putting an old common-place

—indeed a hoary-headed adage, almost—in my own convolved words, you will say. No matter, since you understand me. Here is what I farther mean:—that, the moment I entered Mr. Linnock's house, *I* gained *my* points of time and place, for the hereafter, I cannot help thinking. For reasons you have heard, for others you shall hear—if you may *heed* them—I cannot help it.

I have told you that, when I stole into the garden yester evening, night was falling. For some time I walked slowly up and down the least cleared, in fact, the grass-grown walks running among the vegetables at the end adjoining the orchard. Here, my step must have fallen lightly, so as not to have alarmed any one who might be even rather close at hand. Traversing the path which went directly by the old chinky orchard-door, I fancied I heard low and cautious voices, and thinking only of one person, I trod on tip-toe to the door, and looked through one of its rents.

A man of tall stature, great breadth of shoulders, and respectably habited, stood with his back to me: he was not two yards distant from the door. Facing him, and of course me,

was the girl, Martha Hugget. It was their voices I had heard. They continued speaking in a subdued key. For some instants, my slight agitation at seeing them hindered me from distinguishing their words, and the technicality of not a few of their phrases might also have helped to confuse me. In a little time, however, after regulating my breathings, and steadying myself in my position, I was able to overhear something like the following.

"Yes, my maiden, though I can be sorry enough for the old man's accident, it has told well for one Lilly White; you couldn't have quizzed Hood out of the round so easily as the young 'un they sent in his place; and by that reckoning the Miss Molly might have had more coasting holidays than she can afford."

"'Tis you I believe, Sir; but don't forget what I 've just been a-saying of; Lilly ought not to cross over the way no more; there be too much danger."

"Why, yes; he had but a short run for it to the lugger t'other night, Martha, and trouble enough to make shore since; and I know as well as you can tell me, that he could do as much, if not more good, staying at home to

prepare storage for the things; but what is he to do without a sharp 'un to chaffer with the Parleys across the briney? 'Twas all very well while the young Don took a trip in his stead; d' you think we 're to see any more of that chap, my maid?"

"Hardly: he be too well looked after at present, and the doctor gives leave for it, you know."

"All nons'ns; the Don has no more need of doctor's-stuff on that score than you have, Martha, let people say as they like for their own views."

"Besides, Sir, he never took to t'other trade from love or liking for it, but just because it came in his way that night we met him out from home without a hat, and he jumped at any thing to vex the great 'uns."

"Well, Martha, he has done t'other trade some good, however, if he only holds staunch now; though I sometimes fear he may have already got sorry and blown us."

"Never you mind, *Mr. Linnock*,"—(I started, Graves, but something that soon followed confounded me quite;)—"to-morrow, or after, he *may* peach, though I be blessed if I fear it;

yesterday, or to-day, I will be upon oath he has not said a word to harm us."

"How are you so sure, my little maid?"

"Think a minute, and you 've no call to ax, Sir. Who managed to have your house favourably spoken of when they were in want of respectable board and lodging for the lady?"

"The Don, certainly."

"And why your house, Mr. Linnock?"

"Why, because he knew they wanted to part him and her, and if the lady got here he could see her, unknown to them, now and then; and so,—oh, yes, I 've a notion of what you drive at now, Martha,—*she* is with us still."

"To be sure; and if he had gone to blab all, Sir, she would be somewhere else: but it be time the apprentice were with us, too, Mr. Linnock; the night's dark enough now for trying to work the good 'uns we couldn't touch t'other time, when the new blue-jacket came up. You saw all right, Sir, about the spot, a while ago?"

"Ay, my maid; or I couldn't be talking here with you, you know; and no time has been lost since between master mate and me,

to clear away, up-stairs ; so that, as you say, we only wait for news from the apprentice—and hush—isn't that he ?"

"It be," assented Martha, as a low and cautious whistle sounded outside the garden wall.

"Come along, my lad," said Mr. Linnock, whistling in answer. A man's head soon appeared over the wall at the far end of the orchard ; the next instant I saw Samuel Geeson cautiously stealing through the fruit trees. His carpenter's dress revealed him to me almost at the first glance.

Mr. Linnock and Martha Hugget moved to meet him: the trio stood still some distance from the door, and I could not catch their words. Yielding to my curiosity, I put my ear to a chink: my position thus became an awkward one; I lost my balance, stumbled, came with force against the door, burst it open —perhaps it had not even been latched—and fell on my hands and knees among the grass in the orchard.

"Hollo !" whispered Mr. Linnock—"hollo !" echoed the apprentice, and they helped me up directly. Martha Hugget disappeared, I know

not whether into the gardens or among the orchard-trees.

"What do you please to want on my premises this time of night, Sir?" asked Linnock.

"Eh? ah?" queried Geeson, peering close into my face; "why it be one of 'em from the house."

"Mr. Mutford?" continued Linnock: "excuse me, Sir; but though you have been my guest, as I am given to understand since my return from town, this is the first time we have met, you know—at least to my knowledge—and I have but just returned, and, indeed, not yet shown myself to my family; but I hope they make you comfortable, Mr. Mutford: and I am sorry to hear that some people—"

"I say, Mr. Linnock," interrupted Geeson, touching my host's elbow, after he had studiously watched my face during this polite speech, delivered by a man of a certain gentility, and even grace of manner, too, and of a prepossessing expression of features, although, so well as I could decide in the dark, those features were remarkably lumpy, and went to make up one of the blackest complexioned countenances I had ever seen. He instantly turned

an ear to Sam, who whispered him. They withdrew a step or two from me, but between me and the orchard door. I saw Mr. Linnock become thoughtful: he bent his large, black head, listening attentively, and once glanced at me. In a few moments he came to my side again, Geeson standing aloof.

"Well, Mr. Mutford."

"Well, Mr. Linnock; I am as thankful as you know I ought to be for the hospitality of your excellent family:"—there was a shade of emphasis in my words. He looked steadily upon me. Meeting his eyes, I slightly smiled to give him his cue, and he took it promptly.

"You are a gentleman, Mr. Mutford: tell me one thing, on the word of a gentleman. Were you long at that door before you fell in to us here?"

"I will save you another question," I replied, "by the plainness of my answer——I was; and long enough to hear a good deal that you and Martha Hugget said together."

"Martha Hugget?" he repeated, in feigned or real surprise, either as if he wanted to deny all knowledge of a person of that name, or queried how *I* could have gained a knowledge of her.

"Yes, indeed," I went on; "Martha Hugget, who came to Lieutenant Graves's tower to exhort him to head all his men down to the Anchor the other night, and afterwards was dispatched by Lilly White to engage hands among some of us at the Anchor door."

"Lilly White?" he again repeated, in tones of increasing simplicity.

"Lilly White," I repeated in my turn, taking off my hat, and bowing profoundly to his inveterately black beard, whiskers, eyebrows, hair, and, if the darkness did not deceive me, skin. When I recovered my upright position, our eyes again met, very intelligently, and a second time I smiled, but he was still posed and watchful. "Come," I continued, "let me set you at rest, if indeed you can value the words of a gentleman—I mean you no harm. I have had a notion, since I came here, how matters stood, on every side of us, and yet it has not occurred to me to make others as wise as myself; now I am sure of more than I was before I strolled into the garden this evening, and still—"

"Mr. Mutford, *was* it the act of the gentleman you insist you are, and promise you will

be, to—" so far Mr. Linnock got in his interruption; I finished the sentence.

"To listen to you and Martha at the door? Mr. Linnock, my good Sir, you must forgive me that. My situation *was* a doubtful, if not a perilous one; at the mercy of your liege men —mark, I do not say it *is*, now that I have placed myself under the protection of a gentleman whose fame—." I was bowing down to my knees again; he smiled at last, nay, chuckled, and took my arm, while he said,—

"Enough of it, enough of it, Mr. Mutford—here, out of doors, I mean—but I request the pleasure of your company in the house—Sam—" the apprentice joined us—"say, very well, and *that old girl* will take a run as soon as the Lieutenant bids us good-night, for the round—go along, now."

Looking rather puzzled, perhaps, at receiving his message in my presence, Geeson, after a moment's pause, disappeared among the trees. Mr. Linnock again pressed me to accompany him towards his dwelling. I agreed. He led me cautiously into the garden; there peered round him to every side; approached its door; avoided it, however, and turned to a corner of

the garden near the back wall of the house. I saw him look down observantly at what seemed to me only one of the oblong little flower-beds, edged with box. He took a kind of grappling-iron out of his pocket; fastened it in the edge that defined, at that place, the gravelled walk upon which we stood; pulled with some effort, in a bent posture; the flower-bed moved to him, leaving its other three borders of box stationary; and I was soon edified with the sight of a few stone steps descending into the wide aperture then disclosed, a dull lamp burning at their foot.

"This is the way into the house, for the present, Sir," he said; "will you step down?"

"We are going to visit the store-rooms?" I asked, hesitating a little, I believe.

"Some of them may come in our way," he replied, "for when obliged to decline any company I may not like, in the parlour, I am not ashamed to spend a little time among my goods."

"Show the way, then, for I fully rely on you," I rejoined, following him.

"You may, Sir, when I do the same by you," and Mr. Linnock restored the innocent

flowers to their places, over our heads, descended the steps, and took up the dull lamp.

I found myself in a narrow passage of solid stone-work. We trod softly onward, and arrived at a small oak-door, strongly bolted, and also locked, as was proved to me by Mr. Linnock opening it with a small and curious key, selected from a bunch, of which none were much larger or less remarkably shaped. Passing the door, he locked it again on the inside, and shot other bolts, and now we were at the bottom of a second flight of stone steps, more numerous, however, than those leading from the garden, and much narrower. We ascended, perhaps, thirty of them, and stood in a kind of corridor, tiled, and running to a great distance, at either hand, and I thought, turning off at angles, in the remote darkness. Upon the walls were shelves well stocked with bales, great and small; and no more than room for one person to walk forward was left on the floor, so abundant was the rich smuggler's stock of "heavy articles," or "good 'uns," or, in still plainer English, small tubs of eau-de-vie, and hollands. Mr. Linnock held up his lamp and passed it from right to left, over his head, looking gravely at me.

"I know," I said, "one of the store-rooms, or the beginning of one—: pray, do we now stand under the roof of your hospitable house?"

My conductor gave me to understand that we did: "This," he added, laying his hand on the wall to our right, "this is the outer wall of my house."

"And *this*," I said, laying my hand on the confronting one, "is what ignorant people, dwelling inside, suppose to be *that*?"

He nodded assent. I proceeded to demand if his ware-rooms had any communication with the more inhabited apartments of his mansion, and he informed me that most certainly they had not. We resumed our progress, and arrived at one of the points where I had supposed that the passage continued at an angle, but I found I had deceived myself; it ended in a straight line, and a step-ladder now invited us to mount higher up. Again I was curious enough to inquire if we could traverse, in this manner, the whole extent of the house; but I ought to have foreseen the silliness of the question; and he enabled me to do so, by remarking, that a secret passage, like this, could be contrived with perfect avoidance of suspicion, in-

side the gable-wall alone, where it would not have to encounter the windows which afforded light to the interior of the edifice. To make up for the want of extent, in a continued line, however, I found, after ascending the step-ladder I have mentioned, a second corridor, of dimensions equal to the first—nay, by means of another ladder, a third; and still, goods met my eye, in great quantities, and I doubted not, of great value.

At the foot of yet another ladder, Mr. Linnock left his sad lamp, for a flood of brilliant light, falling through the square orifice we were now about to climb to, rendered its meagre aid no longer necessary. And when we had mounted into the immediate influence of this light, I found myself in a passage nearly three times as wide as those we had left below, with the bare joists and tiles of the house over our heads, two chairs and a table in a clear space, among heaps and a litter of bales and packages; a comfortable bed at either end of the apartment—as, I suppose I must call it—large account books on shelves, and a glass lamp of great magnitude hanging by a chain from the roof. "Here, on a level with the hattocks," observed Mr. Linnock, still whispering, "we

thought we could poach a little more room without suspicion, than we durst venture on lower down in the house, as a private bed might be necessary, of an odd time."

"Your establishment is very complete," I remarked, "and must have cost you some money."

"A trifle, Mr. Mutford; but it pays, Sir; it pays, I thank Heaven."

"Has it yet been visited by any one you didn't care to see in it?"

"No, indeed, Sir, though such like folk as you mean have now and then been inside, in the house."

"Do you never fear that a secret, necessarily confided to a great many, may be divulged to your disadvantage?"

"It is not confided to a great many, Mr. Mutford; along with my wife and daughters, and my brothers, there is but one friend of t'other trade could find out that flower-bed in the garden for you."

"Martha Hugget?"

"You have a guess, Sir."

"She must be paid well for her fidelity and general good services."

"Why, yes; but as much out of liking as to

bribe her, and the little girl would be true if she gained less—'tis in her; I call her a downright good un, Mr. Mutford; besides, she has her own reasons for doing her best for t'other trade; she loves none that don't love it."

"Pray tell me her reasons."

"With all my heart; but take a chair, Sir; and as I keep you from supper below——" he did not end the sentence in words, contenting himself with extracting a bottle of champaign from a cupboard, laying glasses, untwisting the wire, nicking the cord, touching the cork, and helping me to a glass; and when he had pledged me in another, Mr. Linnock continued,

"Little Martha, you see, Sir, kept company, ever since she was a girl of fourteen, with a young man of the village, an honest, respectable lad, and one I liked; and I will say for him, as clever a hand on the shingles of a dark night, and plenty of work to do, as ever I had in pay. Well, Sir, the Miss Molly was seen too near shore one evening, and though she got off clear,—as has always been her fortune, I thank Providence—there was a bit of a row between some men-o'-war's men and a few of our lads, and Fred. fetched one of the blue-jackets what I

call rather a nasty knuckle somewhere between the eyes; and they had him up for it, and the judge said he ought to be hanged, because, d'you see, Sir, another man-o-war's man happened to have been shot at."

"And as the judge is generally a good opinion in these cases," I said, "hanged Master Fred. *was*, I presume?"

"Why no, Sir, not out-an-out. Interest was made, and an excellent character—not better than he deserved—given of Fred; and the Irishman—these rough-an'-ready chaps on the coast be almost all Paddies, Mr. Mutford—he recovered from the shot, which was a mere nothing to talk about, and none of Fred's business into the bargain; and so they forgave him the swinging, and sent him to Van's land for fourteen years; and that's why Martha Huggett has no demur to lend a hand, now and then, to t'other trade, Sir."

"And I don't wonder, if she loved poor Fred."

"Loved him better than her own eyes, and he her the same; they were to have been married the very day he sailed, Sir; and 'tis for love to him that Martha has refused many a

good offer since, and never goes for a walk with our boys, like other girls of her age; and I 'm mistaken if she don't be off after him some day, and soon; only waiting to grow richer, I fancy."

"Very disinterested of her not to weigh the odium of marrying him against her preference for him."

"Odium? as how, Mr. Mutford?"

"Why, he is a transported convict."

"To be sure, as they call it, so he is: but, bless you, Sir, we see no odium in that, here on the coast, when it comes only of our lawful business. Had Fred robbed, or cheated, or committed any one crime, why then 'twould be another thing, you know; but it isn't his fault, is it, if people *will* punish him, just as if he had, Mr. Mutford? Odium!—I should like to hear Martha talk of that, and her own brother come home from a seven years' trip only the other day. For that matter, few of the honestest families in her street have escaped—('tis a dangerous trade, Sir, is t'other trade, now and then,)—escaped bad treatment on the same account. People call me a fortunate man, Mr. Mutford, and I don't mean to deny as much; but I myself—(allow me to fill for you, Sir,)

—I have a brother abroad these thirteen years, and he 's to stay abroad for life, they say."

" And perhaps *your* chief motive for trading with the Miss Molly, has been supplied by their harsh conduct towards that brother, Mr. Linnock ?'

This harmless question produced a surprising change in the smuggler. Hitherto my regards had been fixed on a face (the blackest, even in the full light of the lamp, as well as the broadest, and in every way the largest, I had ever seen among that race of mankind called white.) of which the heavy brows, small eyes, pursy forehead, and wide, thick-lipped mouth, presented only a plodding, in-earnest, dullishly-clever, (will you accept the compound ?) and absolutely honest expression. Now, Mr. Linnock suddenly raised his immense head, opened his eyes, allowed his brows to descend slowly into a scowl, and drew in his lips and shut them hardly, ere he replied to me in two words only—" No, Sir."

" Do not let me innocently hurt you or offend you," I said : " I withdraw my question, if it is too free."

" 'Tis not too free, Mr. Mutford, since we

sit here together; it does not offend me; and if it hurts me, that 's no fault of yours. But I tell you, No, Sir:—it was not the misfortune of the brother I 've spoken of—he left me since I began the trade;—no;—but I have another brother, an honest shopkeeper at Brighton, and he had to do with it, though not a great deal. He came this way, after meeting a small trader down at the village—the most considerable man of his day, however; and my brother had a good lot of light articles on his person and in his trunk, that night when we gave him a bed. Well, he was followed to my house, the goods seized, and he and I both fined a sum beyond our ability to pay. I was nothing but a farmer then; ay, and a struggling one; and my wife poorly, and my two girls infants. They sold every thing on my fields, live and dead stock, and growing crop, and every thing under my roof, to my wife's bed, and my little girls' cradles; and, to make an end of it, put me in gaol for the balance of the fine, which all I was worth in the world would not discharge. And *that* was what did it, Mr. Mutford! I got out among them at last, after being on my oath to myself that I would have back what they took

from me—and I had; ay, and what they took from my Brighton brother, too.—If ever you go to that town, look out for his shop, and when you get into it, Mr. Mutford, look about you. 'Tis as richly stocked as any shop in Brighton; and he has ten times as much as what you can see, waiting for a turn; and every article under his roof is—smuggled. And 'tis a good joke to meet the great people you do sometimes meet buying of him; ladies, and of an odd time one or two, perhaps, that are too high even to be called 'your ladyship:' ha, ha, Mr. Mutford, I 've lived to see all that, and thank them for it;" and the bitterness and roughness of Mr. Linnock's short laugh told me the revengeful triumph of his heart.

"Is Sam Geeson a favourite of yours?" I asked. He nearly relapsed into his usual manner and character of face, while he answered, "Um—hardly: but we want the chap often; and his liking for the trade makes us sure of him. He is no credit to us, however; and I don't want you to praise *his* reasons for getting in among us, Mr. Mutford."

I requested my host to be more explicit.

"Why, the truth is, the apprentice took to

t'other trade, at first, after breaking the cage for a little matter of poaching:—but I won't be so hard on him neither; *they* were too much so, p'rhaps: he says, himself, it was only a rabbit, and that he knocked it on the head one night that his old mother had no supper, and nothing in the house for next day's dinner either; and you'll try at it a long time, Sir, before you'll make Sam sure that he has not a bit of a right to the four-footed creatures that run wild for every man to catch if he can, as it were; not the same as a horse, or a cow, or a sheep, that you buy and sell, and spend money to feed. But no matter for that. He was but a great boy, then, just articled to a carpenter, and the accident quite turned his mind from living at home with his mother; so we let him do what he could aboard the Miss Molly, for a trip or two, till the gentlefolk forgave him; and then he did not go home as good a boy as we found him: for, you see, Sir, if a chap *will* turn out bad, the t'other trade gives him opportunities, as well as any other. And it was after he had been some time at work among shavings again, that Sam did something worse than chase a rabbit or a hare, to

make him run off to the Miss Molly a second time."

"No act of real dishonesty, I hope?"

"A girl took her oath before the magistrates that he was her child's father, Sir; the parish was after him; and so he came back to us."

"Did he dispute the girl's assertion?"

"No, Sir; but he must either have married her, or supported her and the child, without, or gone to the tread-mill, you know."

"Well, and he *is* a scoundrel, indeed, for not marrying her, at once."

"Sam does not think so, Sir, nor the girl either. If he married her, with only one child, the parish would not be bound to relieve them, and they could not get, between them, enough for a living—not without very hard work, of one kind or another, at least—and neither he nor she are in love with that. But I believe it is agreed between Sam and her to marry—*when she shall be a mother a second time—for with two children the parish* MUST *take them.*"

"Yes," I said, "that is the law, I know; and do not you think, Mr. Linnock, that this same law must be of great assistance to Sam's notions of morality?"

The smuggler, as if taken completely out of his element, did not answer; no, nor even smile; but merely gave me a nonplussed shake of his massive head.

"And I know something of Sam's sweetheart," I resumed.

"You do, Sir; but, if I may make so free, the less you or your friends know of her in future, the better: I don't talk altogether on Sam's account; but she's not what I call a good 'un."

I thanked the honest smuggler, assuring him that we had got a good character with the girl, and having come quite strangers into the village, could only go by what was told us. But do you remember my former objections to Miss Lucy, Graves?

Again I changed the subject with my kind host. "Come, now, Mr. Linnock, I have but a few more questions to trouble you with, at present; and first, who is *The Don?*"

He looked steadily—too steadily—at me, with the same expression I had noticed in the orchard. I returned his studious stare without shrinking. And thus we sat silently, for a minute, and at last he was pleased to speak.

"Mr. Mutford; after what you happened to

hear at the orchard door, I have been forced to trust you, for my own sake, many steps farther than you then gained on us. Since we sat down here, I have been hoping I might trust you for your own sake. You want to have your last question answered; ay, and as you gave notice, other questions after it; and if you knew but all, it concerns you much to be dealt openly with about the Don, and—for I guess your mind, Sir—the lady in the house, too. Let me take a liberty—but a well-meant one—you also want the means of righting yourself, and your father, and your sister, Mr. Mutford—don't look astonished, Sir, for I know something of all that: in plain English, Sir, you want money, and plenty of it; and now let me make an end. If you close with a bargain I should like to drive with you, you *shall* be told all you ought to know about the Don and the lady; and you *shall* have money, and plenty of it: to say nothing of—of—"

"Freeing myself of all suspicions of hinting at any of the late information which I have been so fortunate as to acquire?" I added for him, reading the thought plainly on his brow, and in his tones and manner.

"Why, yes; even that, Mr. Mutford."

"To go on methodically, then. What is the bargain you wish to drive?"

"Since you heard Martha and me speak of the Don, Sir, you also heard us say that he used to be useful to us?"

"Yes, as a kind of respectable representative of commerce on the other side of the Channel."

"That 's it. But we have lost sight of him, and want as good a man in his stead."

"And pay me the compliment of thinking I might serve your turn?"

"Yes, Mr. Mutford; and I like this plain way of doing business."

"Then, to humour your liking, Mr. Linnock, I answer, just as plainly, that the thing can't be: keep your secret of the Don and the lady; I must try to get at it some other way: and keep your money too; and *that* too, I will try for some other way."

"Now you are offended, Mr. Mutford."

"Not I, on my conscience, Mr. Linnock."

"But you mean what you say, Sir?"

"To the letter."

"Out and out?"

"Out and out."

" Won't even think it over ?"

" With a view to debate it—no."

" The Don *was* a gentleman, Sir."

" I make no doubt."

" And not of your mind."

" I can't help him."

" Well, Mr. Mutford ;" his eyes fell, and again I saw on his brow that which it concerned perhaps even my personal comforts, if not safety—(notwithstanding all our interchange of confidence)—to reply to, forthwith.

" And well, Mr. Linnock. Now you begin to ask yourself over again, what security you have against a breach of confidence on my part ?"—he did not say a word, nor move his eyes from the table : " I will tell you. Along with the word of a man who has never consciously broken his word, my refusal in my present situation—I mean my situation at this moment, —my blunt refusal of an offer from you, by a seeming acceptance of which—and mark you, the seeming alone would answer my purposes— I could ensure your permission to return home to my sick father and my unprotected sister, without suspicion of any kind. Measure, by my straightforward No, to your tempting proposal,

my whole probable character, and you will be able to trust your interests, and those of your family, by whom I have been so kindly treated, to my own sense of honour and humanity—and, (I will add, though I *do* object to succeed the Don —) also to my sense of the provocation you have received to engage in your present trade, and my little sympathy with part of the system you war against."

"Then we have done talking," said the Smuggler, suddenly laying his hand on mine; "I will *not* doubt you, Mr. Mutford. And now, it is time, and more than time, that you and your friend were out of my house, you know for what reasons—and on your way to your own homes, Sir. So—master-mate!" he called to the other end of the secret apartment, but called only in a peculiarly hard whisper—"Master-mate! farmer Bob, I say!"

Something huge stirred on the bed at that extreme of the attic, and presently a man moved lazily off it, and came towards us. As he advanced, I saw an individual of about thirty, and of great height, naturally, poking his head forward, and a little from side to side, and bending his body from the hips; he was fleshy, very fleshy, though not exactly fat; rather in-

kneed; and the poking head was covered with short, silky hair, almost white, and he had large eye-brows, and long eye-lashes, of the same colour, and his face seemed made of white wax, without a tint of red in the cheeks, and very little in his pendant under lip. I must add, that if my host's face and features seemed exaggerated, his excelled them, and yet he appeared neither stupid nor unapprehensive; on the contrary, there was a kind of shrewdness in his weak, winking, pale, and ever-smiling eyes, and also in his superabundance of ever-smiling lip.

"My brother, Sir—master-mate, or farmer Bob, according to occasion—my third and youngest brother; a little sleepy, after two nights loss of rest, as you see."

"But now, at last," I replied, gazing wistfully at the head and face which nodded and smiled to me—"surely now at last, I behold———"

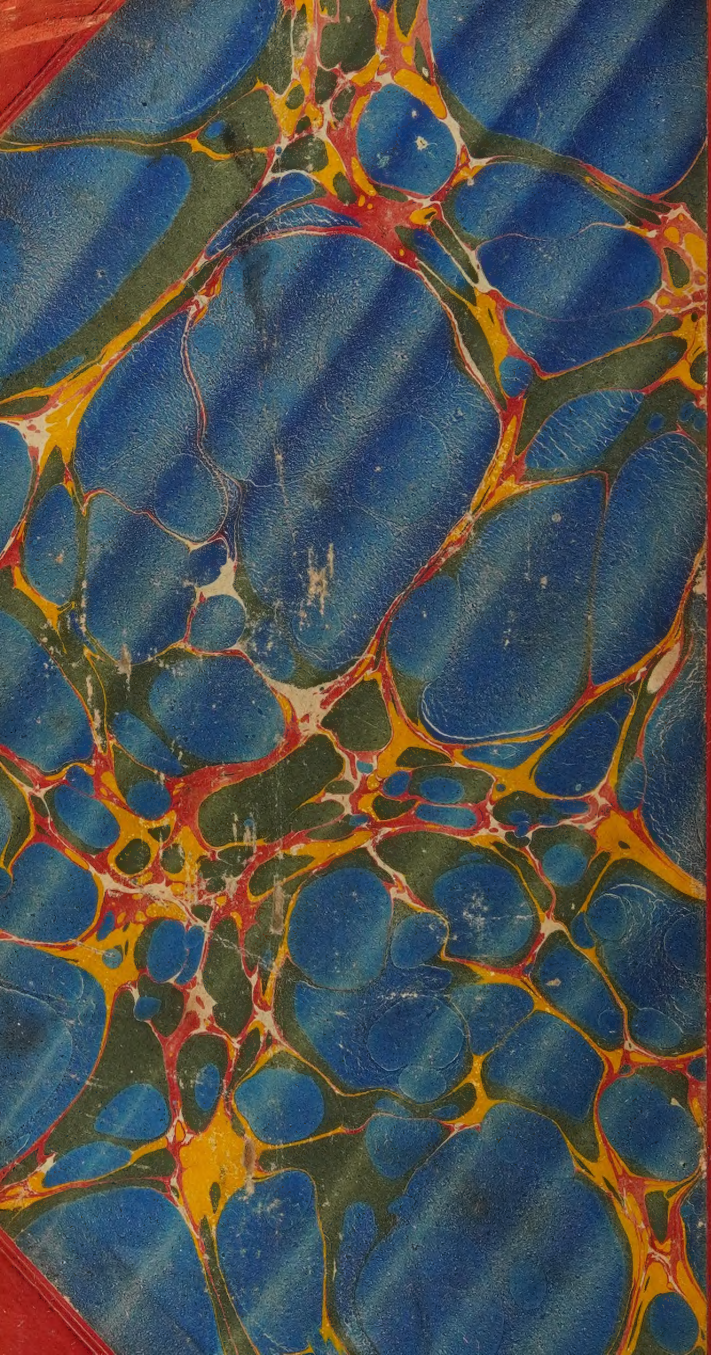
"No, Mr. Mutford," said Linnock, smiling too, "your first impression, taken from *my* face, was the correct one; 'tis me, Sir, they call——" here he passed his hand over his ebon chin—"'tis me they call Lilly White, at your service."

I could not help laughing, nor did the very dissimilar brothers refuse to join me.

"But we must be doing, Sir," resumed my Lilly—"Bob, look out till you see Mr. Mutford and the Lieutenant well off the premises, and then you know where to find Martha, to give her a word. Come, Mr. Mutford."

We descended to the door which communicated with the treacherous flower-bed in the garden; in a few moments I stood in the open air.

"Now, Sir, join the merry folks in the parlour, giving what account you can of your hour's absence, I will be with you and them as soon as possible." He took leave of me at the garden door, and not exactly knowing what he meant to do, I walked across the yard into the house.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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